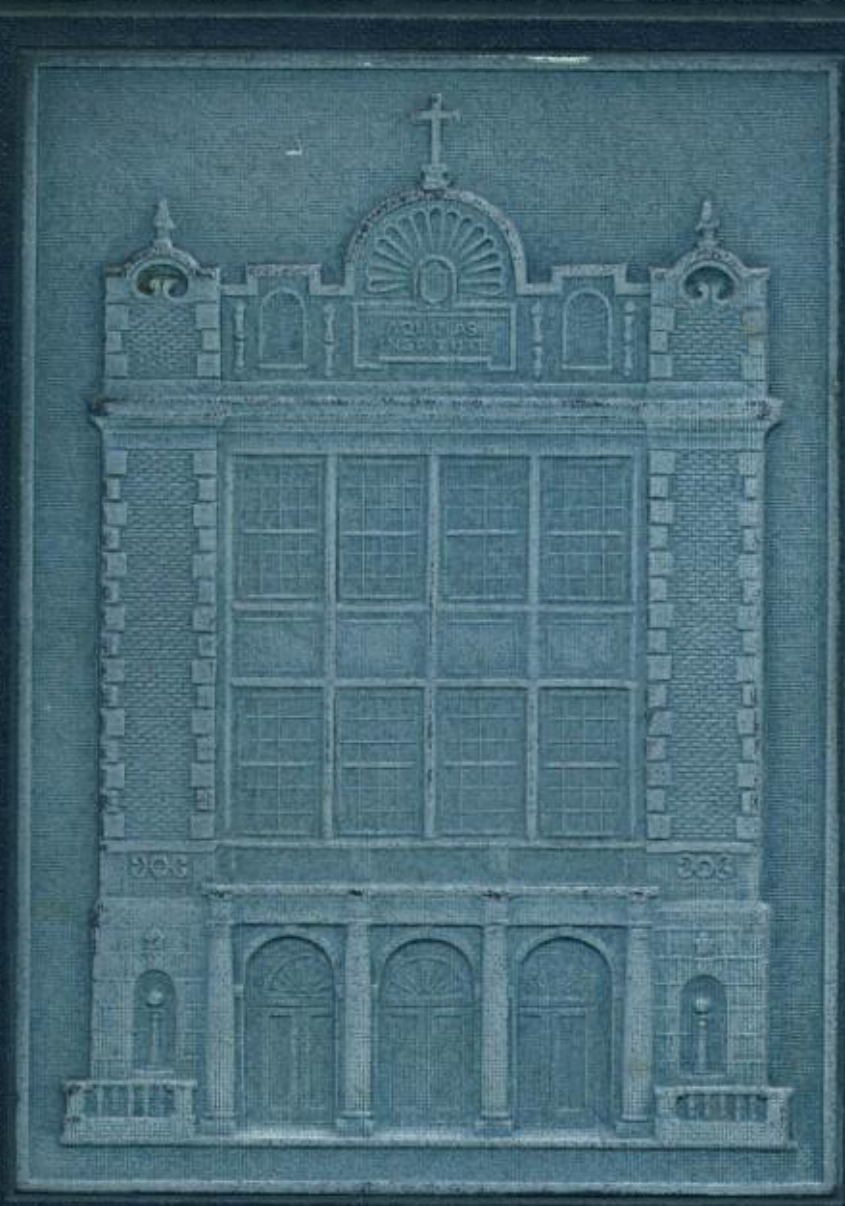


THE ARETE

O MARY CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN
WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE
PRAY FOR US
1830
FRANCIS H. HARGROVE '28

Volume 17 June 1928

The Arete

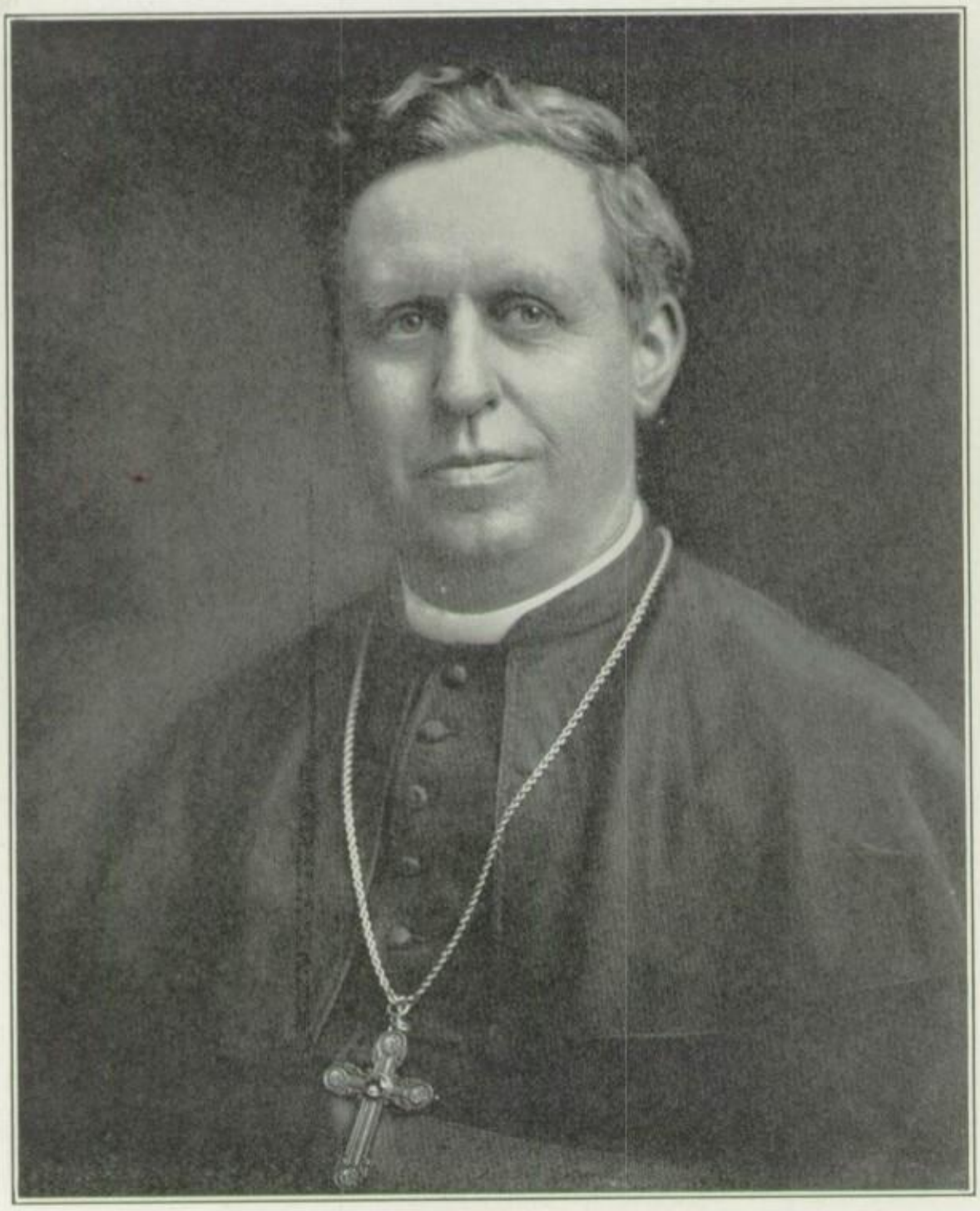
Senior Annual

~ of the ~

Aquinas Institute

Rochester, New York

Published by the Class of 1928



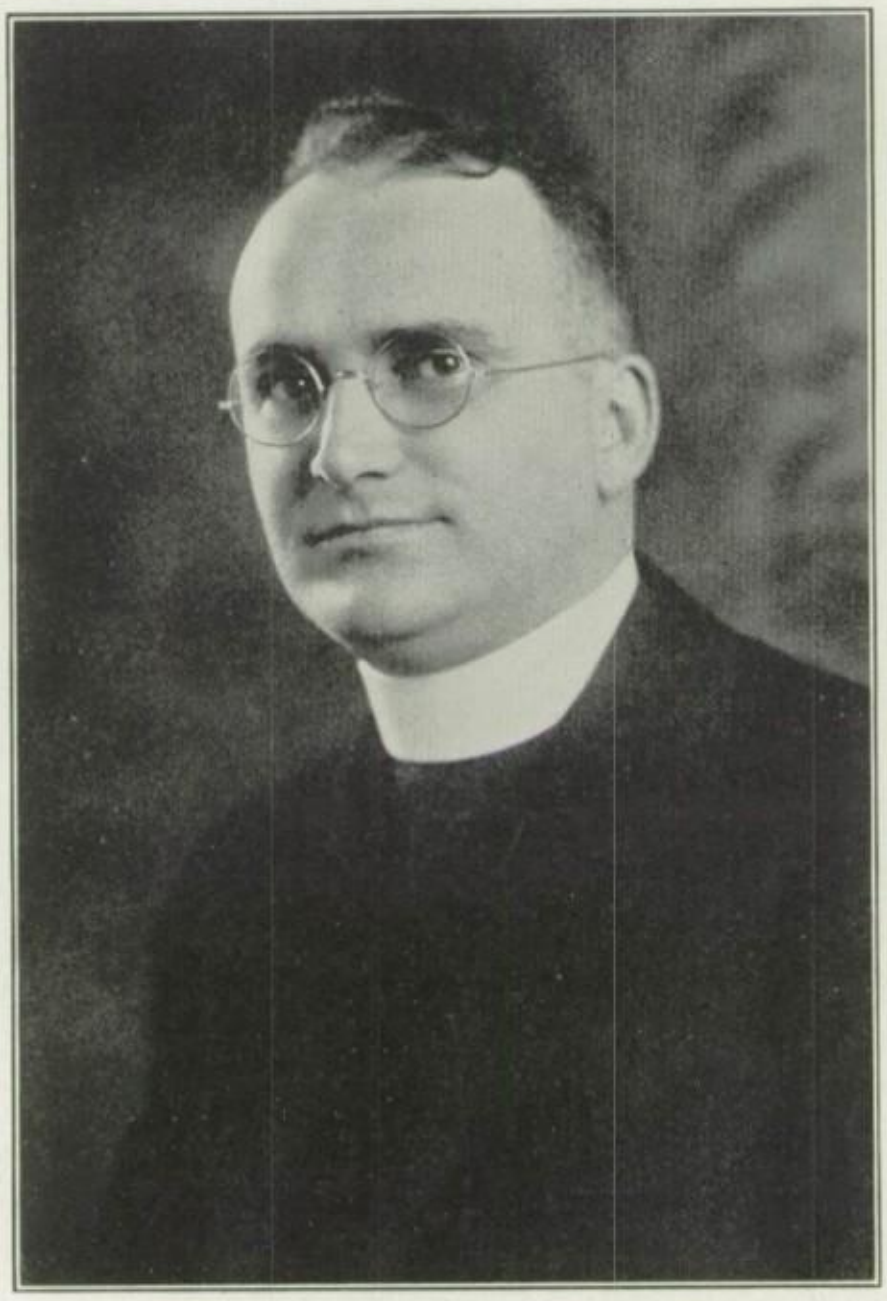
THE RIGHT REVEREND THOMAS F. HICKEY, D. D.

Thomas O'Hern,

As our days at Aquinas grow fewer and the end of our labors within its halls is looming into vision, more than ever are we impressed by the opportunities which have been placed within our reach through the care and interest of one whose presence we have sorely missed during our senior year.

Yes, dear Bishop, we do value all your endeavors on behalf of the boys of Rochester and we shall look back to you with gratitude when we are enjoying the fruits of our happy years at YOUR school.

The Class of '28



THE REVEREND JOSEPH E. GRADY
Principal

Ave!

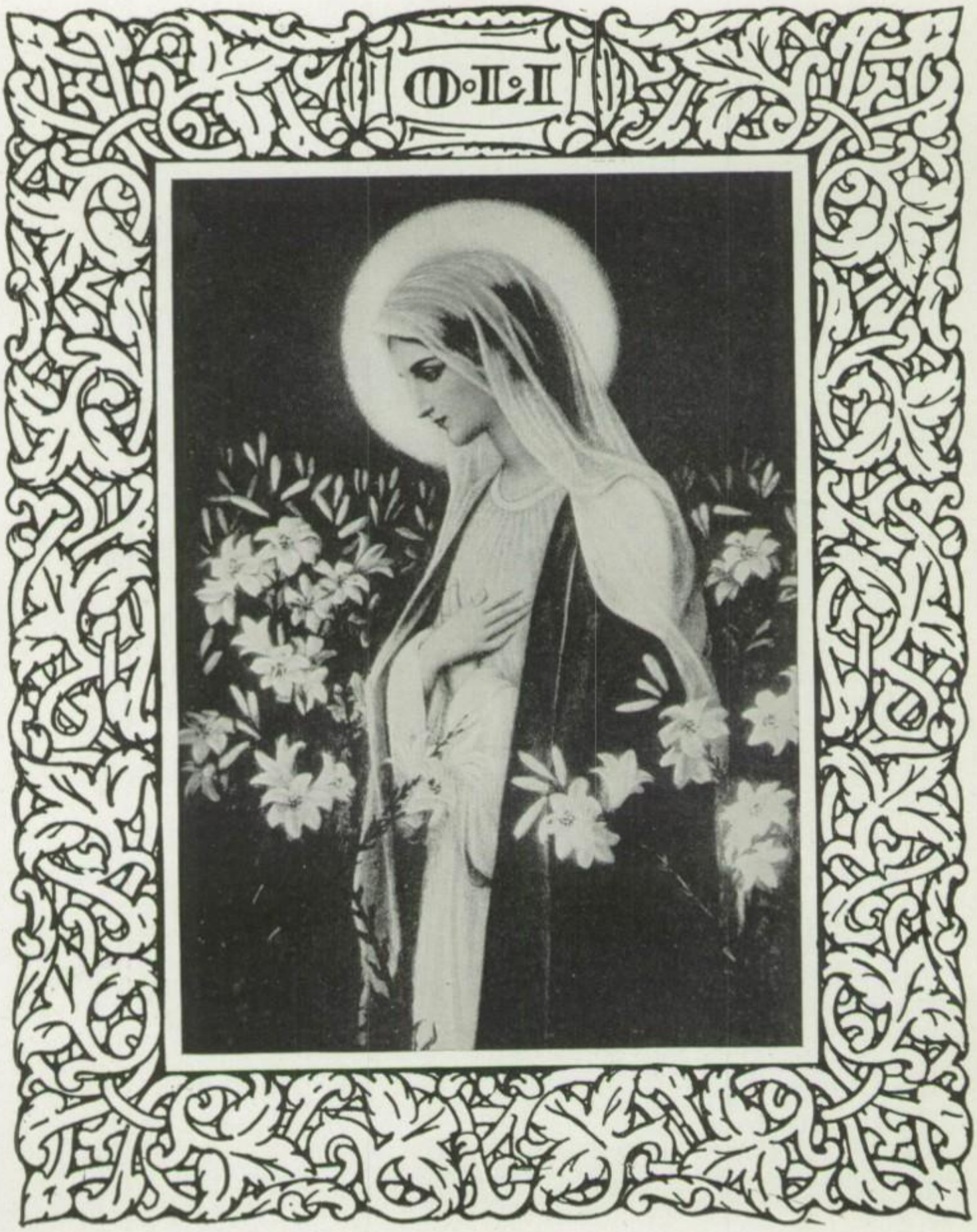
Since our new principal, The Reverend Joseph E. Grady, took into his energetic hands the reins of this great institution, an elixir of vivacity and enthusiasm, as it were, has been stirring up within the student body an untold spirit of school interest.

It did not take long for the student body of Aquinas Institute to realize the excellent propensities of this zealous minister of Mother Church, who was to lead them through the labyrinth of scholastic activity.

He has long been the wonder of many of us who cannot understand how he accomplishes even half of what he undertakes; we have never ventured to ask him. He is a self-made man, a humanitarian, a veritable dynamo of mental energy and a thesaurus of knowledge on every subject; he is most highly esteemed by the members of the Senior Class, not just because he is "Commander-in-chief" of the school, but because he is also "himself" and he should be held as a prototype by every student of our "Alma Mater."

As a closing word, the members of the Senior Class wish to say that to their beneficent, indulgent and zealous principal, Father Grady, and to his very capable assistants, the members of the Faculty of Aquinas Institute, they are greatly indebted for all that has been done for them during the past quartette of years.

THOMAS H. DWYER.


O·L·I

Our Lady Immaculate:

AS in olden days, true knights were wont to pledge their loyalty to their chosen lady, so we, The Faculty and Members of the Senior Class of the Aquinas Institute of Rochester, pledge to you, Lady Mary, our undying fidelity. We are happy in the knowledge that no other lady e'en half so fair can be found; and, in token of our love, we pray you, most gracious One, to accept our humble dedication to you of this volume of "The Arete."

Senior Class History

OW that our days at Aquinas are fast drawing to a close, we of the class of 1928 may look back with satisfaction and recall cherished memories of our high school career. How well we remember the September morning of 1924 when we entered upon that new field of activity, our high school life, at the St. Boniface annex! It was quite a change and it took some of us considerable time and the exercise of remarkable patience on the part of our teachers to accustom ourselves to the routine of this higher field of education. But under the persevering tutelage of Father Wurzer, the representative of Father Napier at the annex, we completed a successful Freshman year.

The following September we returned as Sophomores to a new school, a monument to Catholic education, of which we can well be proud. The whole school was united now and ready to continue its good work guided by the new president, Father Byrne. We were able now to obtain a better view of real high school life. We came into contact with Seniors, Juniors and Freshmen too; saw their outlook on school life; realized that we were members of a large family and endeavored to prove ourselves worthy of the school. June brought the roses and half of our high school days came to an end.

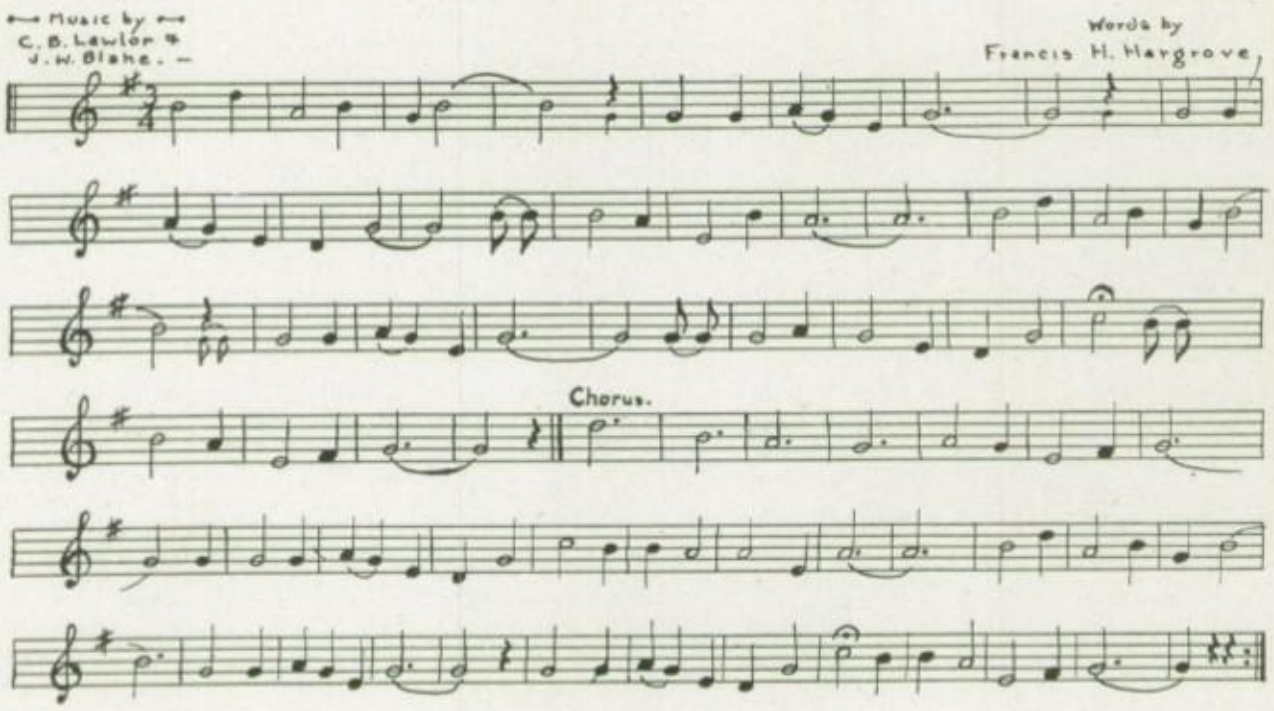
The next term we returned with the realization that we had a definite goal to work for and so did not lack the determination to seek it. Gone now were the frivolities which might have characterized our freshman and sophomore years; graduation, though some distance off, seemed ever nearer and all our thoughts were centered in that one ambition. The newness of the school was worn off and we went about with an air of confidence befitting our position, second only to the Seniors whom we looked upon as the most fortunate individuals in the school. Oh, to be a Senior and enjoy all the privileges and opportunities of the senior year!

But now time and patient endeavor have made us Seniors and all too quickly. We at last hold the position we so desired, and the ambition we labored four years to attain is finally realized. Nor are we too happy to bring our high school careers to a close; perhaps we were a trifle anxious and hasty in longing for that which we have attained. Now, as never before, do we realize what it means to sever ties of friendship and to leave, perhaps forever, friends who have sacrificed all that life holds to dedicate themselves to our betterment. Happy, yes, but tempered with silent sadness we take our leave of the true companions of our youth. Shall we possibly find, in after life, associations and inspiration to equal those derived at our Alma Mater? Nevertheless, looking back over our accomplishments, we all have the consolation of knowing that the four years spent in attaining the goal of our ambition were the best years of our lives, and in spending these years at Aquinas we have gained a knowledge of matters both spiritual and temporal that will stand us in good stead, no matter what our vocations in life may be.

RAY SOMMERS.

Class Song

Respectfully dedicated by the class of '28 to
His Eminence Cardinal Patrick Hayes
and The Honorable Alfred E. Smith



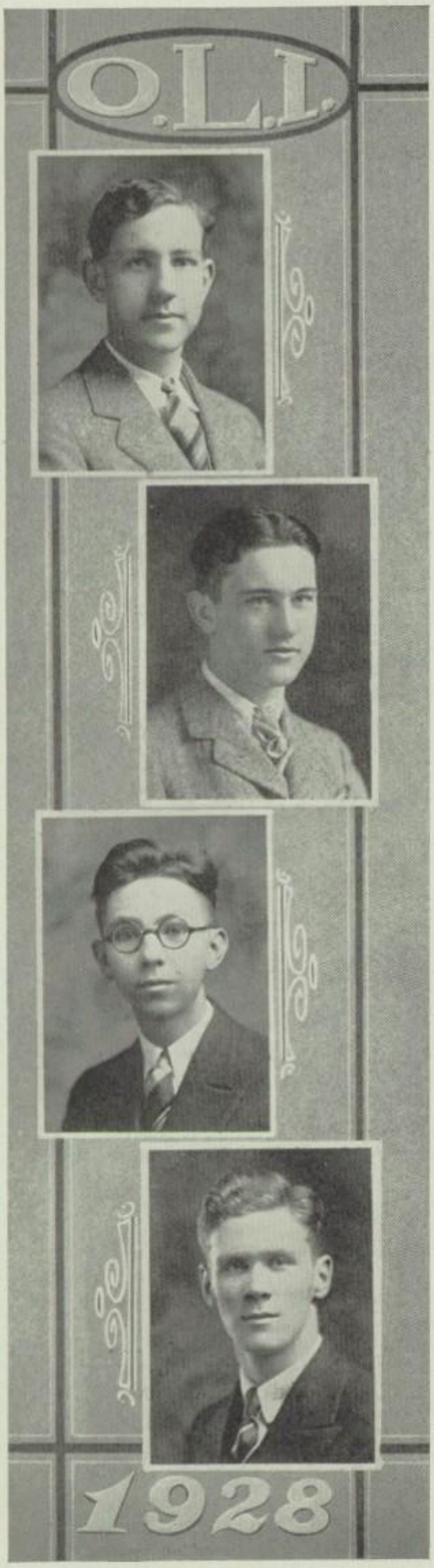
We have been together
  Four long, happy years;
We often shook the building
  With our laughter and our cheers.
Now when we are leaving,
  Days are all too few;
And we find our hearts grow heavy
  As we bid farewell to you.

Chorus:

Rare days, school days,
  Speeding swiftly by,
We grasp their fleeting moments
  As forever on they fly.
We leave youth behind us
  To take a step that's new;
We wonder what is coming
  As we bid farewell to you.

We have formed affections,
  Friendships fond and true;
Mem'ries will go with us
  That are not dull nor few.
Teachers often jugged us;
  Their purpose well we knew
And we heartily forgive them
  As we bid farewell to you.

What the future brings us
  Seems unimportant now.
To our haunt of golden mem'ries
  Fidelity we vow.
May Alma Mater miss us!
  We shall miss her too.
We regret the chapter's ended
  And we bid farewell to you.



ANDREWS, GEORGE E. 240 Mulberry Street
"ANDY" *St. Mary's School*

Behold Andy! He is one of our versatile classmates who manages to keep his accomplishments in the background. His radiant and jovial smile hides a wealth of knowledge. As president of the Aquinas Chemical Association, Andy is celebrated among his friends for the noxious concoctions which leak from his private laboratory to seek the final test in the torture of some hapless victim. Rumor has it that George has a penchant for outdoor sport; nay, that he has attained local recognition as a pitcher. Success to you, Andy, in whatever you attempt!

BERG, HIRAM M. 608 Clifford Avenue
"HI" *St. Michael's School*

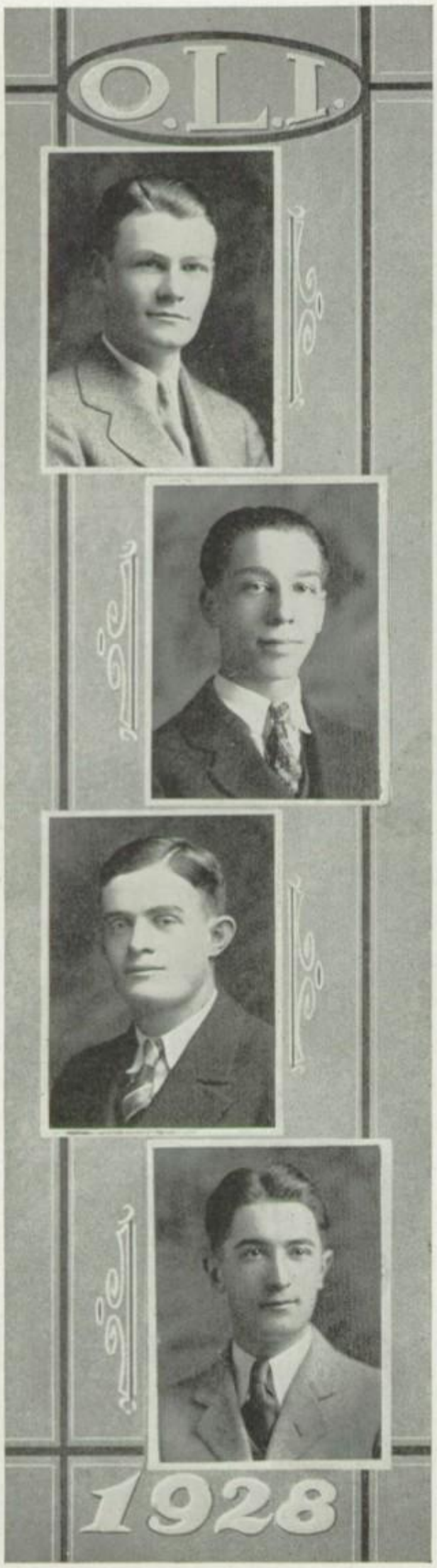
One of the flashes of Father Grady's Church History Class. He sparkles most when the bell rings to end the period. Although one of the quietest of the Senior Class, "Hi" makes his presence known in all his classes. He claims to know all the French idioms in the manual, and has the State Department seriously considering placing French IV on the high school category. *A la bonne heure*, Hi!

BRAYER, EDWARD F. 489 Flint Street
"ED" *St. Monica's School*

Ed. is a prominent member of the Literary Committee of the Arete; this gives one an inkling of his ability. Ed. is a conscientious and hard working student and, furthermore, he is a good example of the dignified senior. Do not misinterpret this statement—his dignity has limits. Ed. is an all-around good fellow and a worthy addition to any senior class.

BURNS, THOMAS A. 312 Conkey Avenue
"TOM" *St. Bridget's School*

The flashy guard of our basketball team needs no introduction. Who can forget Tom's playing, which won for us the C. B. A. game? He is a member of the "A" Club and everybody's friend, always ready with a cheery smile and a happy "Hello." Just as he forged ahead in sports, so de we expect him to make good in whatever he elects as his life's work. So long, Tom!



CORCORAN, WALTER J. 121 Campbell Park
"WALT" *Holy Apostles' School*

Here he comes, head up, chest out, eyes sparkling, and lips parted in that contagious smile; he's our Walt. As a member of the Business Committee it was his duty to solicit "ads" for the Arete. He did—and how! His school spirit is catching, his enthusiasm gripping and, when he leaves, we are going to be sorry. All we ask, Walt, is that you remember us when you are the Governor of the Empire State.

COSTICH, KENNETH J. 1633 Culver Road
"SPIKE" *Corpus Christi School*

Trying to catch Ken in a pensive or a serious mood would prove as difficult as trying to teach a butterfly geology. It is doubtful if this gentleman was ever found napping in any class, though he invariably unloads his convivial spirit of its latest raillery before reciting. Ken, as the up and coming scientist, leaves our school with a record of four years of math. Next year's lords will be hard put to find a match for this enlightened youth.

CULKIN, ANTHONY J. 341 Laburnum Cres't
"RED" *Blessed Sacrament School*

Red has been with us from our start at the Saint Boniface annex and can boast that he is everybody's friend. Active in every school movement, he always proves a real pal. He was one of the cast in the senior play and is a member of the select Virgil class. Good luck, Culkin! We expect to meet you, in the not far off future, in Washington.

DELAIRE, GERARD V. 44 Burrows Street
"JERRY" *Cathedral Grammar School*

Jerry never pushes himself forward, yet he is one of the popular members of the senior class. He was also voted quite popular by the fair patrons of our basketball games, at which he served as usher. One of his noteworthy claims is that he is a Virgil student, and we believe that anyone capable of studying this subject is quite able to face life and its battles. *Au revoir*, Jerry!

DeLeo, Edison P. — 73 Chapin Street
"Eddie" — *St. Andrew's School*

Another member of the Old Guard who entertains fond hopes of entering Notre Dame! Eddie makes a striking picture as he walks along the street, his curly hair waving in the breeze. Yet, we know that he is far from being self-conscious and thinks only of rounding out his career. His marks show what persistence will do and we have little doubt that Eddie will "get there."

Dietz, Lewis — 162 Birr Street
"Looie" — *Brooklyn Prep School, N. Y.*

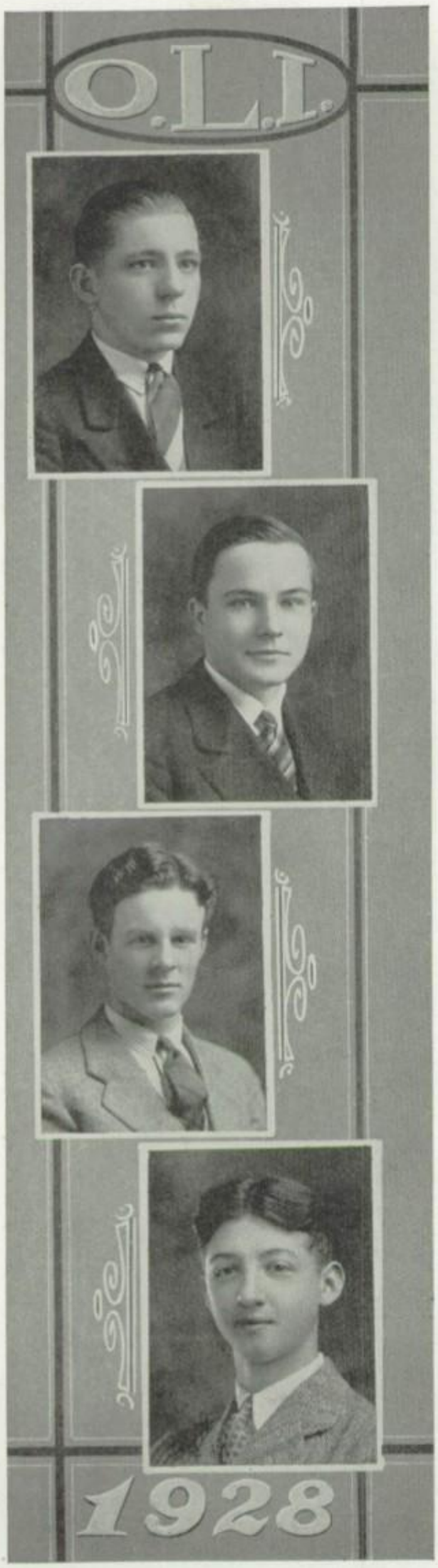
"Looie" has been one of the big noises in the school since he was elected to stage his contortionist act in public. Our blond cheerleader has helped to pull many a close game out of the fire. With his experience he should be an aesthetic dancer but he aspires to a place in the business realms, and we can vision him as a howling success.

Dowd, Louis J. — 286 Rutgers Street
"Dewey" — *Blessed Sacrament School*

Hail! Little sunbeam, dispeller of gloom, bringer of good cheer. Louie is all of these "nize" things and more. He is an accomplished jokester, a contortionist par-excellence, and an imitator of no mean ability. His love of a joke is an index to his heart, which we all know is where it should be. Good-by, Looie, and good luck.

Dwyer, Thomas H. — 3 Burke Terrace
"Tom" — *Sacred Heart School*

Shadows of Cicero and Julian Eltinge! Here is the great orator of the class. Here is the man who has kept the Dramatic Club alive for three years. Who can forget his famous impersonation of "Dulcy"? He will be a "big man" in whatever line he assumes after graduation. When you have "arrived," Tom, and we are still plodding, "Think of us sweetly, when alone."



EBERHARD, KENNETH L. 47 Prescott Street
"KEN" *St. Augustine's School*

Here is the big, manly, he-man, the pride of the "Dolan A. C." and the most sincere senior in the class. Ken knows his Church History and thinks he knows his American History, or vice versa; but it is an established fact that he knows his onions. For who but him could pipe out that loud "here" in every class or openly meet a girl on the Dewey Avenue Car after school, and get away with it? More power to you "Ken!"

ESTERHELD, GEORGE E. 96 Richard Street
"GEORGE" *Blessed Sacrament School*

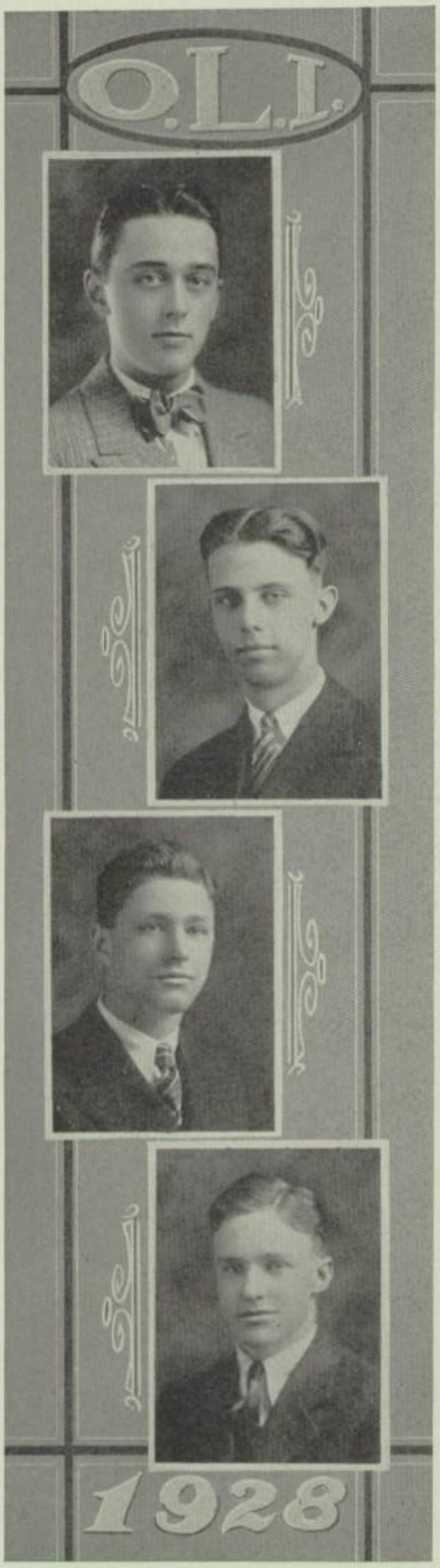
Very quiet and retiring about school and especially in the class room, that's George. Now that he has reached his senior year, George can tell a vivid tale of the slavery and drudgery he experienced in his rise to the top. He has only one regret: he bemoans the fact that Lindbergh decided to fly to Paris before he, George, was old enough. However, in his flight from these walks to foreign parts, we wish him good sailing and no mishaps.

FARRELL, J. GORDON 275 Reynolds Street
"RED" *Holy Apostles' School*

Gordon is one of those modest, unassuming young men who are so rare to-day. Whether it is his ruddy locks or his most becoming blush which has gained for him the nick-name "Red", we are not sure. He is our sports editor and to show that he's been doing his work witness the fact: after twenty minutes in Syracuse, he had the fair admirers of C. B. A. rooting for the old Maroon and White. Keep it up, Gordon, you're a winner.

FISCHETTE, MICHAEL A. 205 Seneca Pky.
"MIKE" *St. Francis Xavier*

Whether it was playing three grueling sets of tennis, or ruining an Underwood in the guise of typewriting, Mike has been equal to the occasion. He has a habit of springing surprises, even to having his English IV themes ready for Father Grady at the proper time. Mike says to watch the surprise he is going to spring in June—graduation. We're all pulling, Michael, and may you not disappoint us.



FURLONG, HENRY J. 139 Birr Street
"BUD" *Corpus Christi*

"Bud" absolutely refuses to be worried and fails to see the propriety of taking one's self or the world too seriously. Bud meets every situation with amused insouciance. His weaknesses are parking, singing and dancing, and "the one in the middle" is featured by his rich basso voice. "Bud's" ability in pantomiming prominent characters is amazing. Armed with the twin lances of sociability and perseverance, Bud is headed for great successes.

GALLAGHER, CLAYTON J. 245 Cypress Street
"CLAYT" *St. Boniface School*

Here is the popular basketball player whom many of the fair sex ask for on approaching the gym. Clayt. has an air of calmness about the school which he turns into pep in his work on the court. Although he worries little over his studies, he has managed to be our mainstay in the American history class. Go to it, Clayt., and make history remember you!

GALLAGHER, CLEMENT E. 50 Raines Park
"CLEM" *Holy Rosary School*

One would never think that this quiet looking youth could be so versatile, but Clem. could astound them all by his various tales. A license is all that keeps our young racer from continually driving "one of the fifteen million". He successfully keeps Mr. McLaughlin on the defense with questions concerning unheard of parts of the four wheeled contrivance. Be patient Clem., time will make you eligible!

GANNON, ELMER T. 443 Lyell Avenue
"EL" *Cathedral Grammar School*

Meet the most original member of our class: "El." is undoubtedly an imitator of the first rank; and, as a source of entertainment, he is without a rival. When he smiles or begins one of his eccentric performances, this bashful youth always provokes an uproar. Along with being an original performer, Gannon is a brilliant student and ranks high in his school work. He has made a host of friends not alone because of his likeable qualities but also because of his sincere good fellowship.

GOODWIN, JOHN B. "JOHN" — 277 West Elm Street, East Rochester
Public School

Every morning John may be seen sliding over the miles between the secluded town of East Rochester and our own fair city, behind the wheel of a Nash-can. At home this industrious young businessman spends much of his time inducing the denizens to patronize these noble road demons and at school he spends all of his spare moments convincing others of their worth. If the fellows only had enough "jack," all the seniors would be driving Nash cars. Stick to it, John, and soon you'll turn the whole world "Nashie."

GRATTAN, JOHN P. "JACK" — 177 Alameda Street
Sacred Heart School

Gaze upon the shining light of the Ecclesiastical history class! John's prolonged attack of sleeping sickness has proved a constant worry to our principal. Nevertheless, the lad means well. He is a spirited backer of all school activities and, whenever the occasion demands, lends a whole-hearted support. Jack's experience as a drug clerk and his love of chemistry have determined his career. We soon shall read his name among those of our pharmacist patrons in the Arete's advertising section.

GRIFFIN, JOHN J. "JACK" — 59 Cameron Street
Holy Apostles' School

Griffin is one of those quiet and modest boys, seen but not heard. This does not lessen his popularity nor lower his scholarship. He is a basketball star of no mean ability and as for baseball, we refer you to the A. I. R. team of which he is a member. We congratulate the R. B. I. on its prospective pupil and venture to predict big things for our southpaw.

GULLEN, MARTIN T. "MART" — 104 Seward Street
Immaculate Conception School

We here introduce "Mart," the distinguished connisseur of antique automobiles. It is rumored that his dashing appearance behind the wheel of a pre-war Ford has broken many a fair heart. Aside from this, "Mart" is a true friend with a ready smile and a word of encouragement for all. We are certain that he will be as successful in gaining recognition in the world as he has been in entrenching himself in our hearts.

GUNN, WALTER R. 101 Delmar Street
"BUD" *Holy Apostles' School*

"Bud" has a clever knack of dodging recitations which he tells us comes to him naturally. Rumor has it that Mr. Ryan tried to catch him napping in American history but, to his surprise, "Bud" turned the tables and made a class record by a perfect recitation. Despite his stature "Bud" is a staunch supporter of all sports and roots for the team at every game. "Great oaks from little acorns grow."

HAFFEY, JAMES E. 610 Grand Avenue
"JIM" *Immaculate Conception School*

You are gazing upon the picture of the handsomest member of the Class of '28. This, coupled with his athletic prowess, makes Jim a very popular youth, and lucky is the boy who claims him for his friend. Jim is very modest and the honors heaped on him have not hurt him a bit. If his work in school is an indication of his future, we have no doubt as to his success.

HARGROVE, FRANCIS H. 25 Glasgow Street
"HARDY" *Immaculate Conception School*

As head of the Art Committee, Frank is responsible for the good work in this book. He has been drawing his way into popularity all through his scholastic career. He furnishes us with suitable drawings whenever the occasion calls for them. Frank is ever on the alert to aid a classmate in distress and this, joined to an unusual refinement of character, makes him a real acquisition to the class of '28.

HART, ELWOOD J. Frankland Drive
"OZ" *Sacred Heart School*

In Elwood, the class possesses the exemplification of the true gentleman, the able business man, and the earnest student. By his diplomacy and persuasive powers "Oz" secured the respect and patronage of the advertising men throughout the city and the senior class takes this occasion to thank him for the way in which he conducted the "Arete" advertising campaign. "Oz" will go far in any line he attempts, and we watch with interest and confidence his progress.

HICKEY, JOHN E. — 7 Woodside Street
"NAT" — Sacred Heart School

One of seventy-five or eighty unknown quantities, known collectively as the Class of 1928, "Jawn" strolled into the "old Annex" in the fall of 1924. His ability to speak on all topics: sports, politics, or literature, without being in the least superficial, has always made him interesting company in any group. John's big shortcoming is basketball, in which sport he is a participant —par excellence. His generosity, good-fellowship, and loyalty have gained a legion of admirers for him, whose high regard and well wishes he carries with him into the "Great Outside."

HAWKINS, HAROLD J. — 310 Seward Street
"HAWK" — *Immaculate Conception School*

Harold is a firm adherent of Julius Caesar's motto, "I should rather be first in a little Iberian village than second in 'Rome,'" and so, as all the other offices were taken, "Hawk" decided to be the sphinx of our class. In manner he is retiring; in recitation, inaudible; in conversation, subdued. But great men were never noted for tumultuous ways and so we can look to Harold to follow in their tracks. Here's wishing you success, "Hawk."

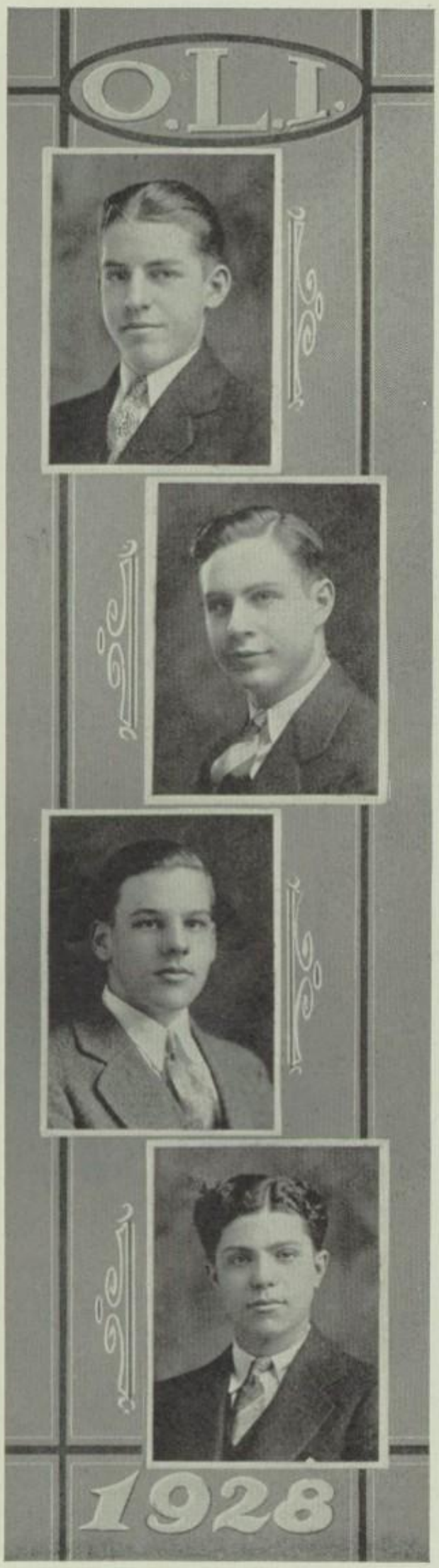
IACOBELLI, PETER H. — 44 Lyell Avenue
"IACO" — *St. Anthony's School*

Tiny, handsome, daring and likeable, that's Peter. When we need anyone to carry a John Barrymore or John Gilbert role on a small scale we know where to look. What Peter lacks in size he makes up in wit and disposition. No one can phase him by any sort of question. He always has a witty answer even if he doesn't know what it's all about. He even knows why a sheik crosses the street. Keep up the witty work, Pete, and some day your name will be seen on Broadway!

JONES, WILLIAM J. — 126 Alameda Street
"BILL" — *Nazareth Hall*

This is not the "Bill Jones" of poster philosophy, although he is responsible for many terse bits of wisdom. Bill has the Freshmen hanging on his words when he begins to elucidate. Among his other claims to fame is the fact that he did double duty on the Basketball Team during the season. He played on the Reserves, and then helped the Varsity win a few. His scholastic hobbies are Math (four years of it!) chemistry and French. When you meet the "elements" of life and they are a bit difficult, Bill, just buck them, and

"Honi soit qui mal y pense!"



KENDALL, HAROLD E. 395 Clay Avenue
"ZERO" *Sacred Heart School*

Harry is a fellow whose popularity is deserved. Whether you say "Zero", or "Lighthorse," or any other nickname, we know you mean our basketball star, Harry. He's a human being, and an interesting one. Besides playing on the team, Harry does other great things, such as paralyzing the class with his thrilling oral English recitations, during which he makes use of three different kinds of sign language to convey his unspoken words. And again, Harry very often is known to have recited correctly in American History. What better send off could he have than the konwledge of our sincere desire for his success. *"Nous partons, mais nous n'oublions pas."*

LACOUR, DONALD C. 20 Wellesley Street
"DOC" *Blessed Sacrament School*

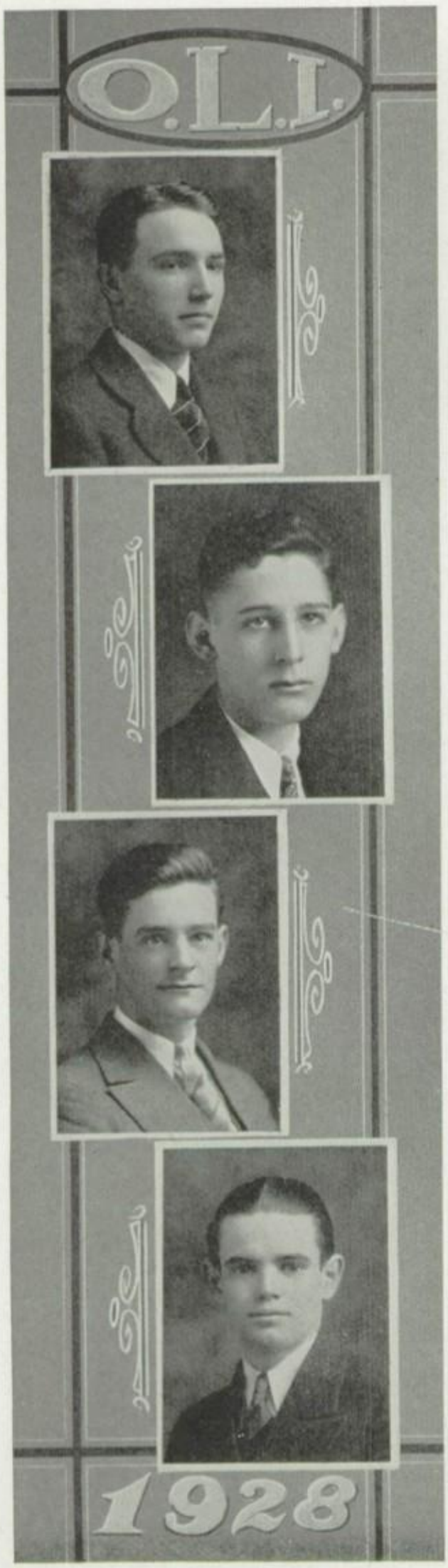
A stunning young man is "Doc", as anyone who has ever received one of his lusty blows between the unsuspecting shoulder blades will readily agree. Back slapping and hand shaking are "Doc's" favorite indoor sports, and we feel that some day as President of these United States he will have plenty of it to do. Shake, "Doc!"

LILLICH, FRANCIS C. 461 Flower City Pk.
"FRAN" *East Aurora High School*

Frank hailed from East Aurora two years ago. In his short stay with us he has won his way to all our hearts and we thank the Fates who bore him to our city. Frank is a coming journalist as is evidenced by his write-up of the basketball games. Go to it, Frank! We know you are destined to succeed.

MACANO, FRANCIS J. 120 Jones Street
"MAC" *Cathedral Grammar School*

This diminutive chemist . is the well-known discoverer of strange odors and new chemicals. Frank has personally conducted three window-shattering explosions in the chemistry lab. and has often driven four score and five of his classmates from the scene by means of his foul-smelling discoveries. Frank leaves us with an impressive record and the assurance of our best wishes.



MADDEN, WILLIAM L. 21 Westland Avenue
"BILL" *Blessed Sacrament School*

The vice-president of our class is one of the regular fellows at Aquinas. Bill is a quiet, unassuming fellow with a scholastic record to be proud of. In a brief write-up of this nature it is difficult to give straight facts without exaggerations; but we can truthfully say that because of Bill Aquinas is a better school. May you ever preserve, develop, and employ those qualities of cheerfulness, and good sportmanship, Bill, which have characterized your days at dear old Aquinas!

MAID, G. HAROLD 406 Champlain Street
"HARRY" *Immaculate Conception School*

Harry is one of the big men of the class, one whose size only emphasizes his gentlemanly and dignified manner. Although he rarely admits it, he is an allaround athlete and looks natural only when he has his bag of clubs swung over his shoulder. Keep at it, Harry! Make Bobbie Jones drop out of the picture!

MALONEY, TIMOTHY F. 80 Stenson Street
"TIM" *Cathedral Grammar School*

In these days of slick hair, coon coats, and sport roadsters, Tim is a God-send. Living on the outskirts of the city, Tim hikes to school every morning, hail, rain, or shine. He attributes his glowing complexion to the great outdoors. His cheery look is a true indication of his inner nature. Tim's scholarship as well as his disposition is above average and we entertain no fear for his future.

MASUCCI, ERMINE H. 109 Canterbury Road
"ERM" *Blessed Sacrament School*

"Erm" will always be remembered for his argumentative propensities. More than once has he turned a senior meeting from its regular procedure to a discussion on the price of straw hats at the North Pole. As a hockey star, he is one of the mainstays of the Maroons and, as a cheer leader, he is the nonpareil. So much pep in so small a frame is seldom found and we shall be sorely disappointed if, in the near future, "Lindy" is not eclipsed by our snappy "Erm."

McGee, Emmett G. 17 Jefferson Avenue
"Tiny" *Immaculate Conception School*

Emmett is another of the big men of Aquinas. As a Latin scholar, he towers above Cicero; while his knowledge of trots, where to get them and how to procure them, is unsurpassed. Steadiness of purpose, an easy-going manner, and the ability to take a joke in good part are "Tiny's" characteristics. He will get there slowly but surely and, after all is said, that is the best way. Good-by, Tiny!

McMillen, John E. 366 S. Goodman Street
"Scotty" *Blessed Sacrament School*

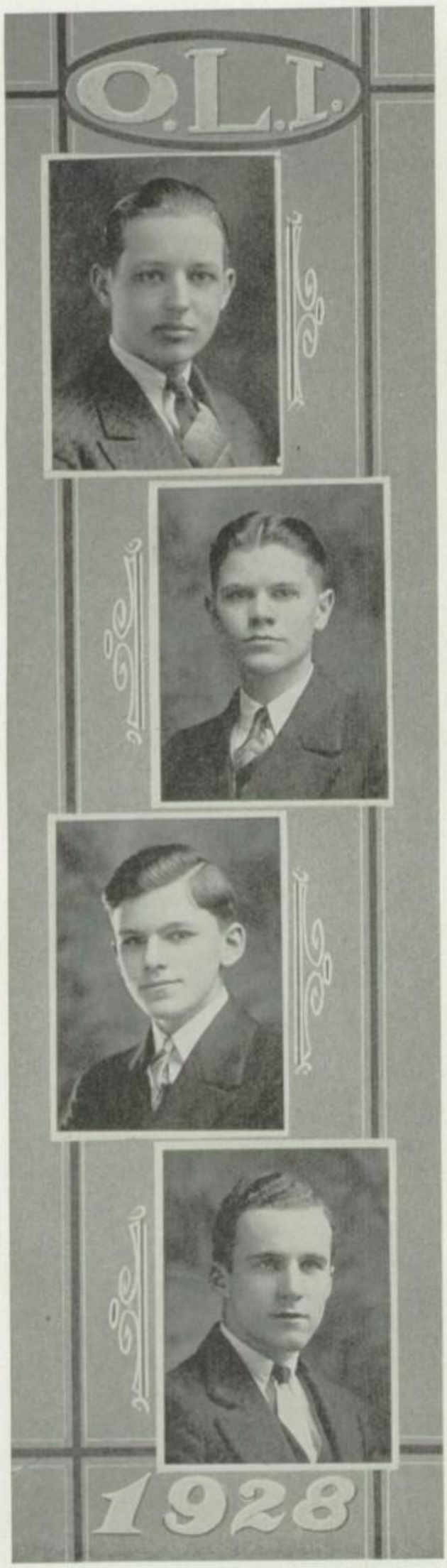
Scotty needs no introduction. The captain of the Aquinas quint is known to all Rochester. His popularity in the school is as unlimited as it is on the court. Though he is lauded for his prowess in athletics, Scotty is modest and unassuming. We know he will use the same fighting spirit in making his way in the world as he did in securing baskets for the team. Good-by, Scotty, we all wish you a life of victories.

Meagher, Paul J. 300 Birr Street
"Paul" *Holy Apostles' School*

Gaze upon Father Keefe's closest friend. Paul has been with us since those days on Gregory Street and can't seem to stir up a dislike for Latin. Despite this handicap, Paul has succeeded in winning many friends among us as he is a hard worker, the kind that wins. Paul is seriously thinking of starting a law firm in a few years, and we all wish him success.

Metzger, Robert W. 473 Seneca Parkway
"Bob" *Sacred Heart School*

When Aquinas opened its portals to the class of '28, a young Bismarck came into our midst. Enthusiastic, optimistic, scholarly, and self-sacrificing, these are Bob's outstanding characteristics. Ever genial, he secured for himself the coveted distinction of class-president. Good-by, Bob, and good luck, from the class who honor you and to whom you brought honor.



MEYERING, DONALD E. 35 Juniper Street
"DON" *St. John's School*

Don is a past master of syncopation. More than once has his execution on the piano in the auditorium held an uninvited audience spellbound. And they tell us that he is even better at the banjo! His disposition is as fine as his music. Now you know why Don is such a popular fellow. Full of pep every minute of the day, Don will forge ahead if any one can. Say it with music, Don!

MILLER, FRANK A. 95 S. Washington Street
"FRANK" *Immaculate Conception School*

Frank is an accomplished musician who blows a trumpet in our renowned orchestra. Nor do we hold this against him since he contributes a great deal to the success of this organization. He also exerts a good influence over the student body, especially over the seniors. Not a neater or more trim high school student can be found. How the members of the fair sex whom he escorted to seats at the basketball games must have marveled at Frank's appearance! Miller has backed up our every undertaking and we hope to meet him again.

MILLER, HOWARD A. 87 S. Washington Street
"HOWIE" *Immaculate Conception School*

Introducing our basket-ball manager! Did any team ever have a more handsome or more capable manager than Howie? We think not. The only thing we ever held against him is the fact that he played the French horn in the orchestra. Why a man of Mr. Miller's ability would limit his efforts musically to a French horn is beyond our comprehension. However, in lieu of all his other noteworthy achievements, we feel that we are justified in forgiving him.

MURPHY, RICHARD 267 Brunswick Street
"DICK" *Blessed Sacrament School*

Dick is one of the few members of our class who disavow all attraction for the fair sex. This alone is proof of his settled mode of life. Believe it or not, Murphy has attained success in his school work. He is an accomplished athlete whose performances on the gridiron and in the hockey pen have won him renown in the sports column. Success, Dick, and may your glory increase!

NORTON, FRANCIS A. 230 West Elm St., East Rochester
"FRAN" *East Rochester Public School*

East Rochester's gift to Aquinas—and what a gift! If East Rochester (a group of houses clustered about a general store and post-office) can be judged by our Francis, Rochester has a keen rival so far as pep is concerned. Our country cousin has a part in just about everything that takes place in the school. Moreover, he is Father Brien's chief aide in the American History class. Aside from his numerous activities, Francis is the official organ for the release of all new jokes. It is almost impossible for anyone to endeavor to tell him a new joke. He is always one jump ahead. Launching out into life with this pep and sense of humor, Frank cannot but succeed.

O'BRIEN, EMMET, N. 437 Selye Terrace
"EMMET" *Holy Rosary School*

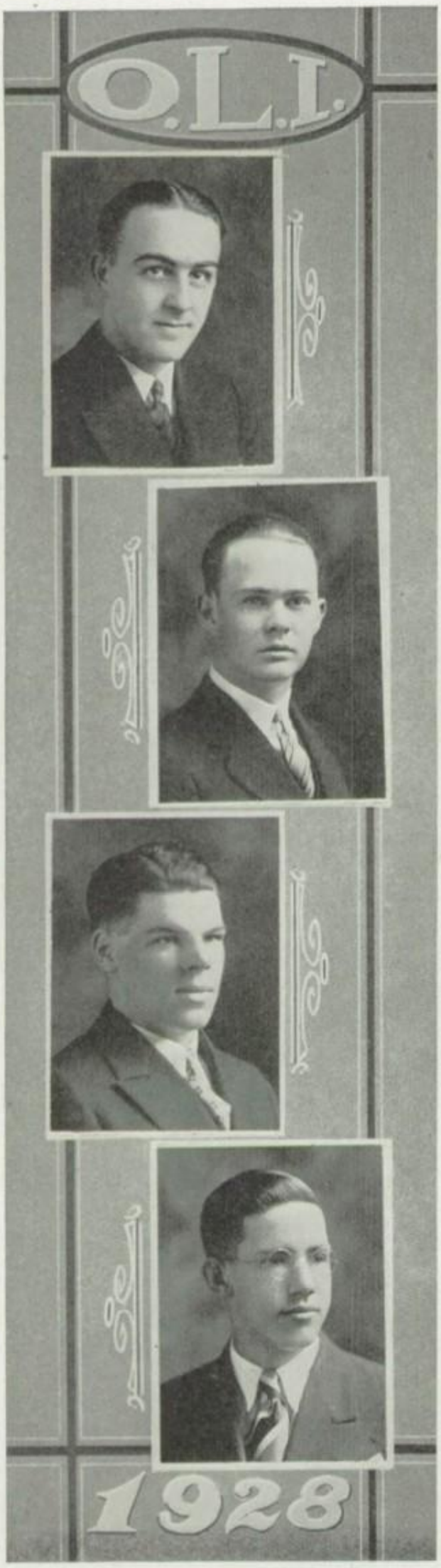
"I weep for Adonais...." Whenever you hear that phrase within the school you know that Emmet is around. During class he can think up more questions, arguments and jokes than any other student under normal conditions.—Ask Father Grady. Nevertheless his fine scholastic record proves that he does not spend his time exclusively on humorous remarks and ideas. "A fellow who can smile himself to sucess"—that's Emmet.

PENNY, FRANCIS H. 63 Bronson Avenue
"FRANK" *Nazareth Hall*

Here is Frank, a young Lochinvar, born far out in the Corn Country. Frank's strong point is "flivver," but it is said that his hankering to choose "Rolls Royces" has gradually given way to a zeal to pursue the even more elusive ions and chromosomes with the ultimate purpose of laying low the cohorts of bacilli and all their brothers and cousins. Keep the old spirit, Frank, and the Demons of disease will find in you another "Pasteur" and a formidable enemy.

PERO, CHESTER A. 27 Rialto Street
"PETE" *Our Lady of Perpetual Help School*

Lo! the ideal senior! He is both unassuming and dignified. Around the school, Pete is quiet, especially in English class. Outside, he assumes that easy-going, carefree mood which has made him a favorite with us all. Interested in all sports, Pete can hold his own in any of them. He is at his best in the bowling alleys, where he endeavors to imitate the immortal Jimmy Smith. Go to it, Pete!



PORRECA, JOSEPH 94 Colgate Street
"JOE" *St. Augustine's School*

Joe is the latest addition to our number. We are just becoming acquainted but, if we may judge by first impressions, we shall all be glad he joined our class. Joe seems convinced that it is always best to wait and speak only when spoken to. We think he is a true type of "dignified senior" and wonder will the dignity wear away when we are better acquainted. We wish you success, Joe!

POWERS, JOSEPH E. 154 Selye Terrace
"JOE" *Carthage Public School*

Joe is the proud possessor of the deepest base voice in the school. When his stentorian shout of "hash" rings out in the cafeteria there is a pronounced agitation behind the sandwich trays. Coupled with exceptional erudition for his years, this should make Joe an ideal pedagogue. We hope to hear your voice again, Joe. More Powers to you.

QUIGLEY, D. BERNARD 130 Jefferson Avenue
"BERNIE" *Immaculate Conception School*

There is an old saying that wise men listen while fools talk. According to this, Bernie may prove a Solomon in our midst. Do not think that he never converses with his classmates. We always know when he is around and we feel that his presence assures us of his support. No senior is more anxious to make all class activities a credit. Keep on listening, Bernie; by your silence you have taught us an invaluable lesson.

RITZENTHALER, ROBERT A. 692 Maple Street
"RITZ" *Holy Family School*

The four years which Bob has spent at Aquinas have not been wasted years. He is literally bubbling over with ambition and it is an unheard of thing for him to come to school with lessons unprepared. Bob has proved a life-saver to many of us seniors by his willingness to share with us the information which he acquired by burning the midnight oil. Good luck, Bob, and do not rest until you have climbed to the top of the ladder of fame.

ROCK, HAROLD F. 400 Durnan Street
"ROCK" *Saint Andrew's School*

Harold has been one of the big men around the school for the past four years, physically and mentally. As his noble brow suggests, he is a veritable storehouse of knowledge and within him the spring of mirth and wit are ever bubbling. Surely is Rock a dispeller of gloom. With much reluctance we say good-by, Harold, for we all realize we are parting with a jovial companion and a true friend.

RODMAN, JOHN P. Shutt Road,
Brighton, N. Y.
"JOHN" *St. Boniface School*

A visitor recently inquired who was the handsome chap standing in the corridor. We assured him that there are many handsome chaps in the school but when he explained, "I refer to the youth with the inimitable smile," we all knew he meant Rodman. John is one of the most capable members of our class, a willing worker, a fiend with a typewriter. He started out as a commercial student and is now concluding his academic work. Needless to say, he has been a success at both. John is the type of student that Aquinas is proud to have on her graduate roll.

SCHNEPP, EMMETT J. 325 Lake View Pk.
"EMMETT" *Holy Rosary School*

Student extraordinary! gentleman and pianist! This is Emmett epitomized. He burns not the midnight oil; he needs it not. He has an uncanny outlook on life which should greatly attribute to his success. If Emmett's class marks are a criterion of his life work, within forty years we should hear of "Chief Justice Schnepp." To us he will always be Emmett.

SCHWARTZ, ARTHUR W. 2859 St. Paul Blvd.
"ART" *St. Francis Xavier's School*

Though Father Grady does not appreciate the fact, in Art we have a famous English student. Another point in his favor is that he has not once been absent from Lenten Mass. Art is very modest and conservative and many times he has saved the day for us by his level headed way of sizing up a situation. When we part, we shall miss your friendly helpfulness, Art.

SEABRY, HAROLD L. 117 Argo Park
"HI" *Holy Rosary School*

"Hi" holds that traditional, dignified senior in disdain. He has never been known to be quiet for even a minute at a time. Jovial, quickwitted, and impulsive, he is liked by all the boys, who eagerly seek his companionship as a cure for all scholastic ills. Despite his indifferent attitude toward studies, "Hi" manages to pass all examinations with a good record. In the future, we hope he will make 'em sit up and take notice as he does now.

SIMS, HAROLD K. 543 Lexington Avenue
"HARRY" . *Holy Rosary School*

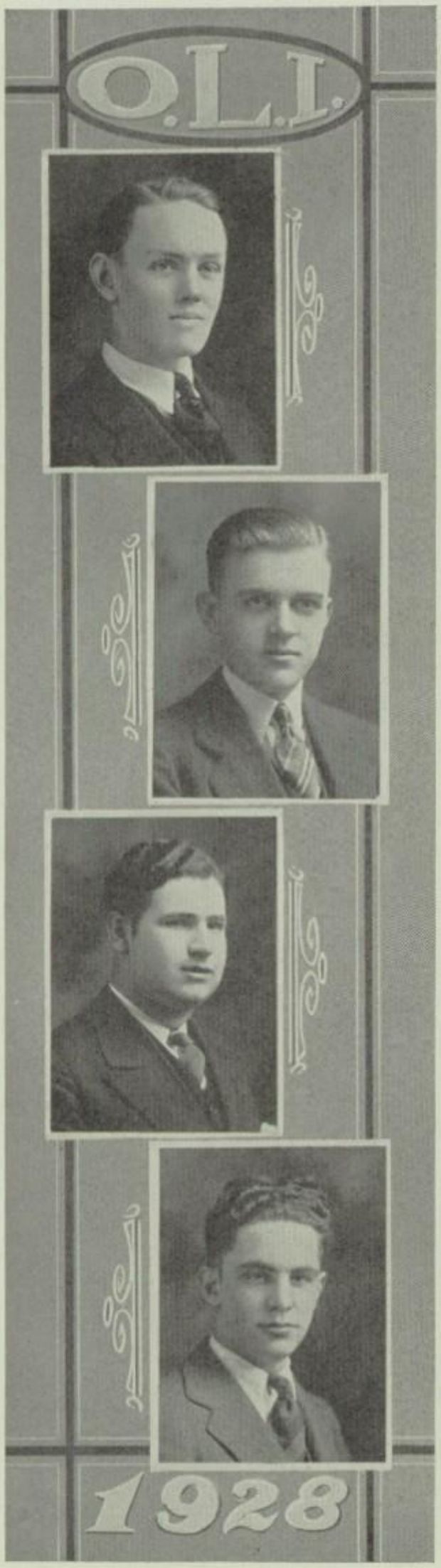
Friends, don't judge Harry by his name. He is not responsible for it and, if the class of '28 has one regular fellow in its number, it is Sims. Mr. Hurley's right hand man compares favorably with Aeneas in many respects. Besides, our blond hero plays baseball. Oh, yes; in this respect he surpasses the Trojan warrior. Aquinas has had many good pitchers but certainly no one of them has been more popular than our Harry.

SOMMERS, RAYMOND L. 28 Finch Street
"RAY" *Holy Rosary School*

Students like Ray set the example for others to follow. In his classes, he is well toward the top as the result of burning the midnight oil while we are "hitting the hay." Ray proves a drawing card at the baseball games, which is evidence that his genius is not all directed along scholastic lines. Words are too weak to express our good wishes for this capable member of our business committee so we content ourselves with, Good luck, Ray!

STEINWACHS, ALDEN G . 737 Arnett Blvd.
"AL" *St. Augustine's School*

What's in a name? This is our Alden, the Great! We could not get along without him, his genial smile and sunny disposition. Al is the high kicker of the class and it is rumored that he buys his luncheon with the forfeits which the Freshmen furnish when he outdoes them in this sport. His size is their misfortune. One can not always judge by appearance. Keep going, Alden; we look to you for great things in the years to come.



STEWART, WILLIAM H. 11 Harrison Ave.
"BILL" *Sacred Heart School*

"What type of fellow is Bill?" He is quiet and somewhat serious minded, good natured, and an excellent friend. Someone said that he must be a bit Scotch as he was seen to pick up a stray piece of coal and put it into his pocket, but we know that he was bringing it home to analyze it in his private laboratory. Yes; Bill is a chemist. Let us hope that he will be as successful in all his undertakings as he has been thus far—even to the analyzing of a black diamond.

STRAUB, JOSEPH J. 24 Falstaff Road
"JOE" *St. Joseph's School*

Joe is one of those bright, precocious youths who are the terrors of every class to which they belong. They keep their teacher as well as their classmates forever on the "qui vive." He is also the pet of our Reverend Prefect of Discipline, who is wondering who will take his place next year as a living questionnaire. The intricacies of math have no fears for Joe and as for typewriting, he claims it is only a matter of pounding away until you master it. Some day Joe will arrive with a bang heard around the world.

TRUISI, FRANK J. 299 N. Union Street
"TOO-EASY" *Mt. Carmel School*

Next to the study of Latin, Frank's favorite pastime is writing poetry. Nature may not present to him the inspiration which it furnished Wordsworth; beauty may not appeal to him as it did to Lord Byron; but Frank manages to produce some awe-inspiring lines. His poem concerning a Cicero trot which he wrote for our scholastic betterment some years ago is still of verdant memory. Stick to your pen, Frank, for Byron terms it—

"The mighty instrument of little men."

VALERIO, PAUL F. 161 Shelter Street
"DEL" *St. Monica's School*

Sometimes "Del" is caught with a book under his arm but this is for the purpose of misleading his teachers into the belief that he studies. In season, he may be found on the gridiron, the tennis court, and the skating rink. He secures a passing mark in all exams as no one has yet proved capable of deciphering his hieroglyphics and the teachers prefer to sin on the side of leniency in such a case. "Del" plans to follow up chemistry, in which he will make the teachings of Pasteur and Lavoisier appear as childish prattle.

WALSH, JOHN M. 165 Argo Park
"JACK" *Holy Rosary School*

If a problem is puzzling you, Jack is the lad who can clear up your difficulty. He has but one peer in the art of juggling figures and this is the teacher. When he is not too busy telling jokes, he applies himself to his studies. Leaving Aquinas with four years of math to his credit, we are confident that Jack will set the pace for future engineers.

WEISS, HAROLD A. 262 Mulberry Street
"WEISEY" *St. Boniface School*

Behold! gentle reader, our bashful classmate! Yet, when "Weisey" and George Andrews ride on the Lake Avenue car, the rest of us fellows have no chance at all. How can we hold this against him since we know that it is his perpetual smile which secures for him not alone the attention of the Nazareth maids but even a big share of our own. Harold is a splendid student and success is assured him whatever career he decides upon. The best of luck, Harold!

WELCH, EDWARD J. 121 Lapham Street
"ED." *Sacred Heart School*

This is our Ed., a lad with real school spirit. Being rather timid and bashful, he lets others do the talking while he just listens. He enjoys all sorts of fun and will be found in the midst of any noisy senior group. His pleasing personality has secured him popularity among the faculty and the student body alike. Rumor has it that Ed. is an able football player and you will not doubt the fact once you have measured the breadth of his shoulders. The very best of luck to you, Ed! Remember it is the spirit that counts.

WILLIAMS, JOHN F. 201 River Street
"JOHN" *Holy Cross School, Charlotte*

Another of these quiet geniuses is Red. Anyone who has seen John on the court will heartily agree with us that there is a lot of pep hidden behind this quiet exterior. John is inclined to cover up his scholastic ability, too, but he can't fool us now that we have discovered his ruses. Strive on, Red! Some day you will reach the heights of Olympus.

WILSON, GERALD N. 14 Bradford Street
"JERRY" *Our Lady of Perpetual Help School*

Woerner's side-kick, Jerry, is a demon chemist. If there is anything doing around the school, he is in the van. Wilson has two great problems which are a source of annoyance to his otherwise placid soul. One is how he can distinguish himself from "Wildcat" Wilson; the other is how to persuade his father not to oblige him to drive the car to school every day. Courage, Jerry, success is not to the faint hearted.

WOERNER, CLAYTON W. 68 Merriman Street
"CLAYT" *Blessed Sacrament School*

If you are aroused from your reverie by someone who unexpectedly leaps upon your back, it is Clayt. The class of '28 offers the sum of $2.36 to any one who can prove that Woerner has strayed farther than 11 feet from Wilson since September. Chemistry is Clayt's pet subject, too, and at present he is wondering how he and Jerry can manage to put their names in the hall of fame for their research work in this field.

YOUNG, WILLIAM L. 328 Canterbury Road
"BILL" *Blessed Sacrament School*

"Bill" is a Maroon hockey star. His ability in this sport is surpassed only by his pugilistic prowess, which asserts itself even to the challenging of the whole senior class at one time. We all realize that Bill's heart is in the right spot and we shall not forget the good that we have derived from his companionship. Speak of hockey and you speak of Bill.

Our Tribute

FOUR years have passed since first we crossed this threshhold and became the Freshman class of nineteen hundred and twenty-four of Aquinas Institute. We are now the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, on the eve of graduation. We have run the race—have covered the prescribed course, and now the goal is just ahead. We are filled with a natural joy at having achieved success but with our joy is mingled a spirit of sadness, a sadness which overcomes us when we realize that graduation also means a separation, perhaps forever, from our many friends and associates of those four happy years.

Those friends were numbered not among the student body alone, but among the faculty as well. There is one among the faculty who in a special way has been associated with this Class. He was the first to greet us and put us at our ease when back in twenty-four we made our debut in these halls of learning. During our Freshman year he taught us, advised us and encouraged us. Upon the arrival of our Sophomore year and our entrance into the new school he took up his duties as a Prefect. His work necessarily consumed much of his time and prevented the close association with us which had been possible the previous year, but his interest in us was as great as ever. Our Junior year found this interest not in the least diminished but rather was it increased. During the past year as Seniors we have been the special charges, and we might say worry, of our friend and benefactor. If our marks were not as high as they might be, or if we "flunked" an exam, it caused him much concern, and oftentimes he came to us to ask the cause of our failure and to advise and encourage us that we might do better next time.

Now, as the time is near when we are to be graduated from this school, and when we must be separated from the friends whom we have made during our stay here, the memories of those happy days are brought very vividly to our mind. In parting, we wish to express our gratitude to Father Joseph Wurzer for the interest which he has taken in us and for the advice, assistance and encouragement which during the past four years he has so unselfishly given to us. We assure him that within our hearts he will always hold a place as warm as that which we are certain he holds for us within his own. May God generously bestow blessings upon him and upon his work, so that in the years to come he may be to other classes what he has been to us—a dear friend and counselor.

WALTER CORCORAN.

School Calendar--1927-1928

September

5. Labor Day—We spend it hoping that something disastrous will occur which will add a few days to our brief vacation of not quite three months.

6. Alack and alas! Our hopes are shattered. We must trudge to school and seek revenge upon the new Freshmen.

7. Worse and more of it! We have forty-five minute periods and it is only the second day. This school has too much organization.

8. Our Lady's Birthday. I am sure every Aquinas chap gave our gracious Mother the birthday gift she most prizes, his love.

15. School is going on as if there never were such a thing as vacation.

19. The library opened. Next thing we shall get our assignment for book report.

26. We got it. Book reports are one of the things which the English teacher uses to fill in the spare moments.

October

12. Great "Chris Colomb." Day off. What this world (and the students) needs is more Columbusses—and more days off.

24-26. Mr. Schnitzer, the director par-excellence, produced another success—"Dulcey."

27-28. Exams. Why **can't** these teachers find out what we don't know in the beginning of the year, and then leave us alone?

November

1. All Saints Day. We are given a holiday, but not because we are saints.

21. Presentation of Mary.—We bow our heads in adoration.

24-28. Thanksgiving recess—Papa talks turkey to us.

29-30. Still more exams. Evidently our professors continue to doubt our superior intellects.

December

1. Just another day wasted away thinking and worrying—over exam results.

5. Results—The exams are ended but the marks linger on—unfortunately.

7. The first snow fall—Old Charlie Winter again.

20. Christmas play in auditorium—more of Mr. Schnitzer. Gloom over school—vacation begins.

January

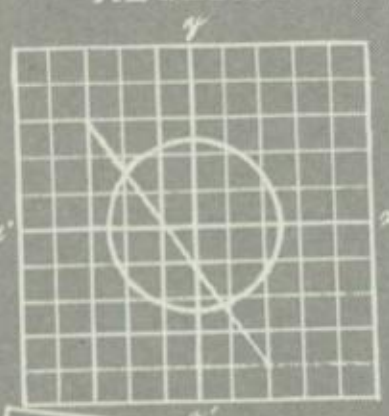
3. Christmas vacation ends—back to the jug once more.

12. A new guiding hand—Father Grady. School cast into a state of sorrow by the changing of Father Byrne to a parish in Ithaca.

16-20. Mid-year exams. The examiners in Albany are due for a treat.

26. Meanwhile, we beat C. B. A.

INTERMEDIATE ALGEBRA



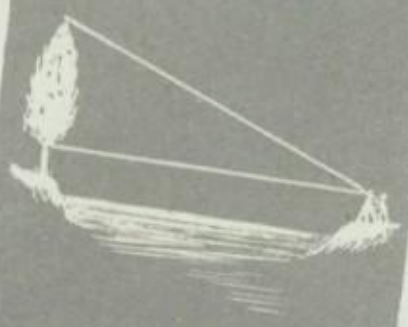
ENGLISH IV.

"How now! You secret, black, and midnight hags! I conjure you, answer me this....."

from Macbeth

AMERICAN HISTORY

TRIGONOMETRY.



VIRGIL.

"It clamour ad alta atria et resonat magnis plangoribus aether."

RELIGION

--- IN HOC VINCES.

ADVANCED ALGEBRA

1)-

$x^3 - 6x^2 + 11x - 6 = 0$

$x^3 - 6mx^2 + 11m^2x - 6m^3 = 0$

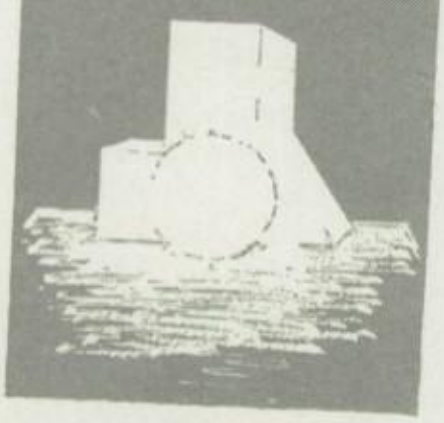
$x^3 - 18x^2 + 99x - 162 = 0$

CHEMISTRY.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

"Without Ecclesiastical History there can be no complete scientific knowledge of Christianity."

SOLID GEOMETRY



FRENCH III.

Tout est bien, qui fait bien.

Chacun pour soi, et Dieu pour tous.

TTTEYERING.

February

6. Little white cards are sent out to our parents politely informing them just how badly we flunked.
7. Senior Banquet in new K. of C. Building. Speeches by faculty and students. Certain members of faculty showed signs of the severe strain undergone trying to remember jokes which once shook the ark. Students attempted to supply needed decorum by thrilling speeches on Egyptian Hieroglyphics, art of stalling when called on to speak. "Jack" and "Eddie" put on their annual Senior Banquet act, and are, as usual, well received. Music furnished by the inimitable Mr. Dwyer and his orchestra.
12. Lincoln's Birthday—You don't know how much we appreciate this, Abe.
14. Valentine Day—"Hearts and Flowers."
22. Washington's Birthday—these birthdays are lifesavers.
22. Ash Wednesday. Lent begins. Morning Mass starts in the auditorium. Crucifixes are placed in all our school rooms.
23. Father Morris of Korea gave a very interesting address in the auditorium.
29. Flag Day—Seniors establish new school tradition by formal presentation of a flag to Father Grady.

March

1. Work begins on the senior play "Tweedles."
7. Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas—free day.
14. Mr. F. B. Risley of the Rochester Business Institute addressed the student body in the auditorium on the subject of "Choosing a Career."
17. Feast of St. Patrick—"Great and glorious St. Patrick, harken to the prayers of your children"—better marks and more free days.
19. St. Joseph's day—we ask him to guide us through our school life.
25. Feast of the Incarnation—we celebrate in prayer.
28-30. Quarterly Exams—Well these will be the last written exams, anyway.

April

1. A day of much significance.
4. Easter Vacation. What this school needs is more Christmas and Easter Vacations—about every two weeks.
16. Back to the land of ink and chalk again.
23. Arrived in school this morning to find that the flag pole had been painted. Well, we're all dressed up, as the saying is, but why did they not let the students do this work, they have some very clever color schemes?
23. Mr. Schnitzer again! Seniors present "Tweedles" in the auditorium. Practically entire senior cast. Seniors set another tradition. Great people these Seniors! First night played to a big house. Very appreciative audience.
24. Second night. Actors show sign of strain but give excellent performance.
25. Third night. Actors almost collapse from strain. They all cry—"What a relief!" Play well received.
30. Open baseball season with Fairport. Aquinas wins.

May

1. We greet the Queen of May.
4. General Communion in honor of Our Lady Immaculate.
12-14. Preliminaries—before the main bout.
17. Ascension Thursday—free day.
30. Decoration Day—another free day.
31. Arete leaves press. May it always hold for us memories of four most successful years!

ROBERT RITZENTHALER.

School Spirit

What is this school spirit that seems to be the main topic in every discussion? Why is it mentioned so frequently in every issue pertaining to school matters? Does it pertain particularly to any one branch of school activity? No! It is the very life and soul of the school. It is the standard by which a school is measured; the factor on which the success of all school undertakings hinge; the quality that changes defeats into victories, work into play, and makes school life a pleasure.

The mere gaining of knowledge in language, science or mathematics is but a small part of the motive for a high school education. The real and most important reason is to teach one to live in peace and harmony with one's fellow-men. School spirit is the factor that creates bonds of friendship among the students and makes their relations with their teachers friendly and pleasant ones. It comes first and puts aside all personal differences. It makes or mars the name of any school.

Real school spirit is something to be proud of. When the home team is losing and a feeling of gloom hangs over the hall, it is an inspiring sound to hear the loyal supporters cheer with all their might. That is real school spirit.

But, there is another field in which this spirit should be equally displayed. This other field is the class room. Any one can cheer at an athletic demonstration, but it takes a man with real spirit to keep up the standards in scholarship. The boy who is willing to do his best in the work as well as the play attached to school life is a loyal student. He is the type that wins in the great battle of life for he receives the full benefit of a higher education.

ELWOOD HART.

☼ ☼ ☼

Vanished Dreams

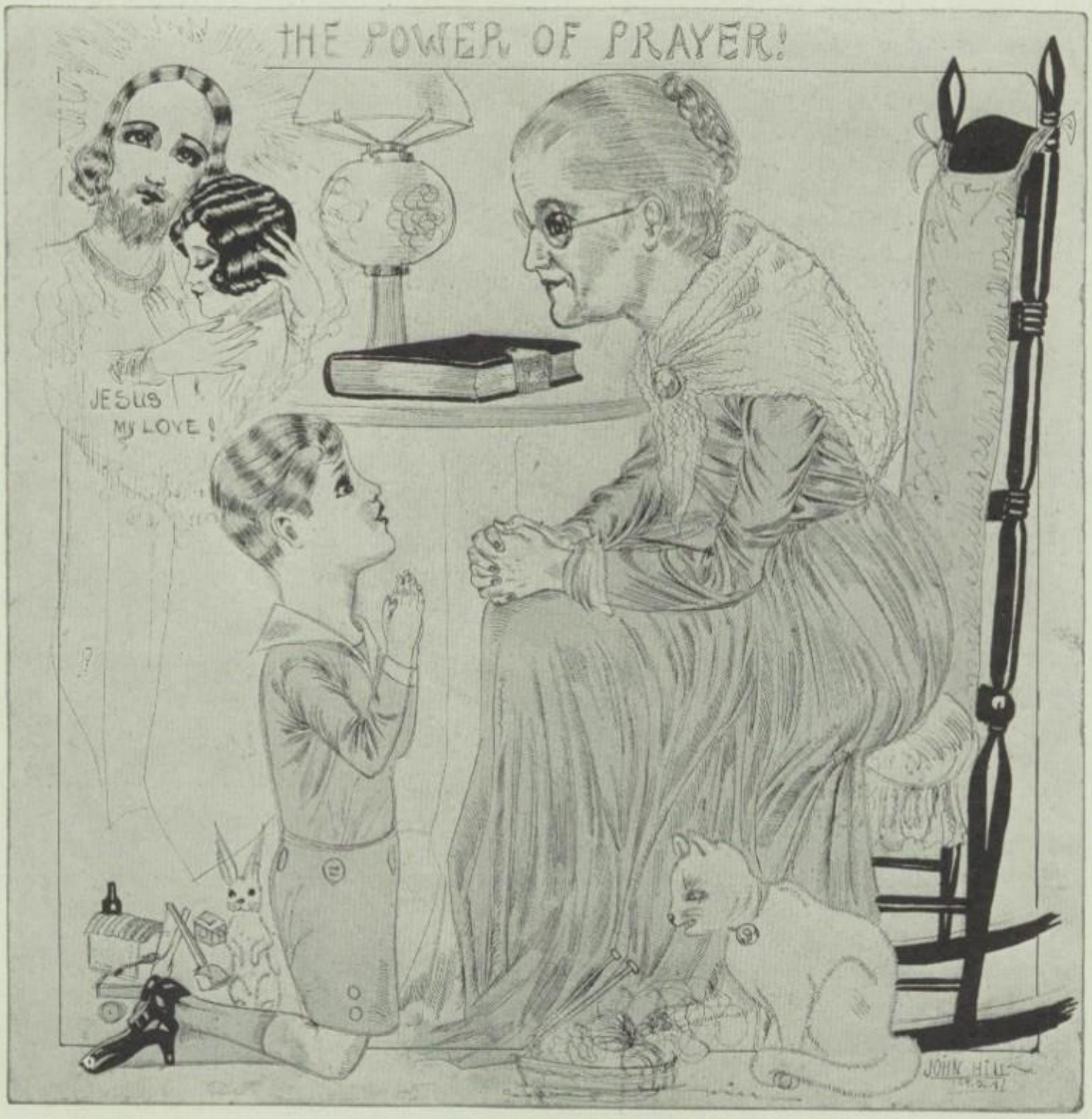
I dreamed of fragrant roses
  Around a cozy little home;
I dreamed of countless care-free days
  In a quiet spot, alone.

I dreamed of snow white lilies
  Of columbine and rue;
Of hyacinths and violets,
  Fragrant with evening dew.

I fancied many idle hours
  Beside a peaceful stream,
Where I listened to the whispering breeze
  And wondered what it could mean.

My dreaming days are ended.
  I can dream, alas, no more.
My high school days have winged their flight.
  Could I but live them o'er!

FRANK J. TRUISI.



The Power of Prayer

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of" is a truth which is realized time and again by every fervent Catholic who possesses a love for prayer and an intense admiration for that means by which we converse with Our Creator, God, Who, in His infinite wisdom, knowing that we, helpless beings, would need other means of gaining His Grace besides the Sacraments, instituted prayer.

Years, yea, centuries have come and gone since then, but prayer still is the ally of the Sacraments in combating Satan and his evil forces and in the bringing of God's grace unto us, unworthy beings. The history of practically every country of the world contains countless instances in which prayer proved the

leading factor in the success of one of the contestants, or in the securing of the desired result. In Germany in the thirteenth century, Rudolph of Hapsburg had been raised to the throne. When he sought to put himself in charge he was resisted by the King of Bohemia, who would not acknowledge his supremacy. Rudolph declared war and the two armies met near Ildenspengen. Rudolph's forces were greatly inferior, but the leader did not fear defeat. Before entering the battle he prayed earnestly with his men and he caused a hymn to the Blessed Virgin to be sung. Then with the battle cry of "Jesus" he entered the fight and gained a complete victory. The case of Francis I of Austria was similar in all respects. His prayers with those of his men helped to bring about the downfall of Napoleon when that great leader was at the peak of his career. One might write countless volumes concerning the aid of prayer in military encounters but other things are to be considered.

Prayer has often been the means of causing a hardened sinner to repent. Often people have strayed from the fold so long that it seemed easier to remain outside than to reenter. Having reached this stage, no effort is made by themselves and it is only the prayer of some loved one that finally causes them to see the light and once more return to the friendship of God. Then too what is it that causes the ranks of Catholicity to be increased every year by thousands of converts? Is it not prayer that gives the missionaries in India, Japan and China the strength to carry on? Is it not prayer that gives them the courage to go into the wild, desolate countries, seek out the natives and convert them from their savage state into civilized christians?

Oh then why is it that some of us do not realize all these things but go on day after day without any thought of prayer, without any thought of asking God to help us solve our difficulties and, having seen all the wonders which prayer has the power to bring about, why do we not resolve to pray always with the hope that God will smile upon us and make our life a better and a happier one?

JOHN HICKEY.

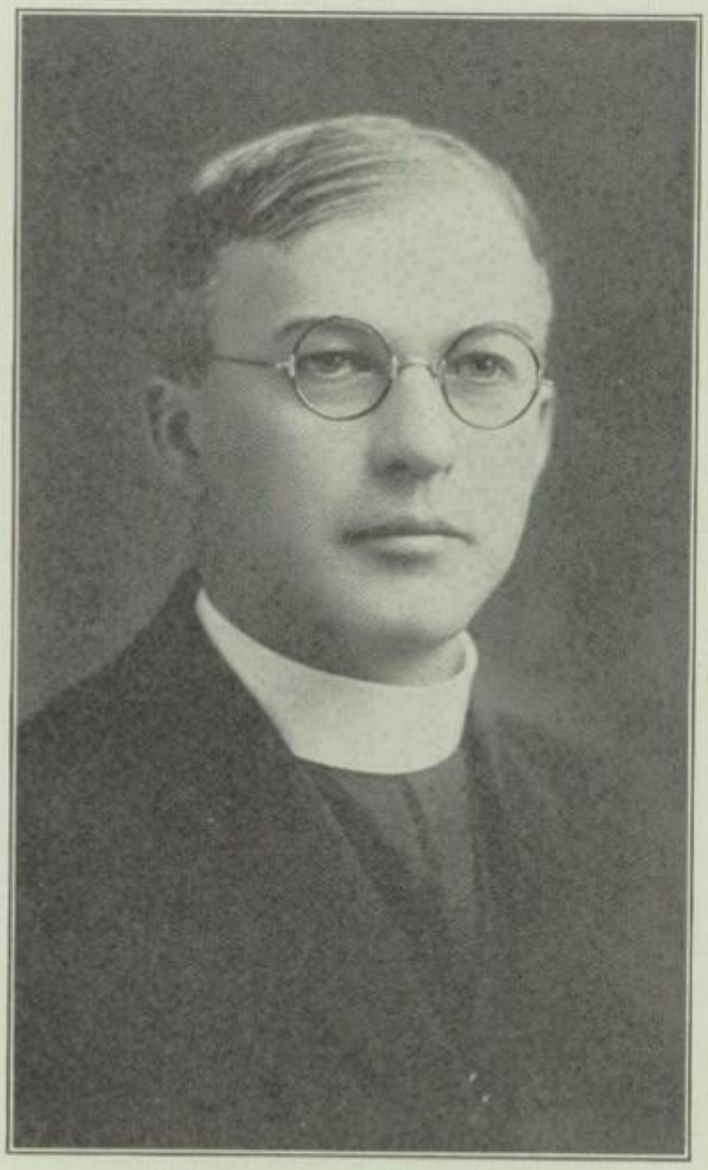
✡ ✡ ✡

Our Alma Mater

There's a place we'll soon be leaving,
Although our hearts are grieving,
And the years we've spent together
Will be but memories.
We shall miss our Alma Mater,
And a wish we'll often falter
To be back within the portals
Of the school we fondly love.

For the dear old school we're hoping
That she'll miss us a wee bit,
As in future years we're groping
To find a place like it.
And though we can't stay near her,
With a lusty shout we cheer her;
To our hearts there's nothing dearer
Than the school we're leaving now.

FRANCIS HARGROVE.



THE REVEREND WILLIAM BYRNE, PH. D.
President

Farewell

On the afternoon of January fourth, at a special assembly, Bishop Hickey announced to the student body of Aquinas Institute that he had appointed our principal, the Reverend William Bryne, as Rector of the Immaculate Conception parish in Ithaca. The announcement came as a complete surprise to the students, who learned of the departure of Father Byrne with the deepest feeling of regret. Father Byrne had held the presidency at Aquinas for the entire period following the removal from its old location to the fine, new building on Dewey Avenue which now bears the name. In that time he rendered inestimable service to hundreds of Catholic boys of Rochester and vicinity.

The attitude of Aquinas toward Father Byrne is its highest tribute to him. He held the respect of the student body at large, and no boy can respect a man he can not or will not love. The boys who attended Aquinas while he was in charge owe Father Byrne a debt which can never be paid to him. Every student who knew him, and came under his supervision, will bear Father Byrne's memory in his heart as long as he is able to think back to the old school days. Farewell, Father Bryne, and may God bless you!

FRANCIS C. LILLICH.

On The Brink

They stood at the brink of the Grand Canyon.

"How beautiful" sighed the poet.

The salesman mentally calculated how many signs could be placed down the sides and still be visible from the top.

"What a waste of power!" muttered the power magnate, as he took a pencil and tried to figure the force used in cutting the steep sides.

"Some divot," exclaimed the golfer as he hurried off to play.

"What a difficult operation that must have been," mused the surgeon.

A painter tried to catch the color scheme.

"Such a depression as he has gotten into," cried the dear old lady as she watched the guide descending far below.

Then each one went to the hotel, bought some colored views of the gorge and wrote to friends at home: "Having a fine time; wish you were here."

WILLIAM JONES.

☼ ☼ ☼

Note to Frosh

The Senior Class has worked arduously in the interests of the Freshmen classes which will enter the hallowed precincts of Aquinas in the years to come. These children will enjoy the following advantages at the suggestion of said class:

High stools placed in the dining hall so as to enable the Frosh to eat from the tables without having to stand on the chairs.

Platforms placed around the drinking fountains so as to enable the above mentioned children to secure a drink, if thirsty.

Mats placed on floors to prevent injury in case of falling in getting down from seat.

Door knobs placed lower so as to enable them to open doors without the assistance of teacher.

Chalk reduced both in length and diameter so as to allow pupil to work at the blackboard.

A delivery truck to carry "Literature and Life" books home in case the book is needed for home work.

Freshmen students will be required to wear a tag giving full information as to destination so that the conductor will make no mistake in letting them off the car.

During roll call teachers of Freshmen home rooms are requested to walk up and down the aisles and make a personal inspection of each seat so as to eliminate the danger of pupils' being marked absent when present.

HENRY QUIRIN.

Memories

I remember, I remember,
  On a bright September morn;
I was a little freshman then
  Whom older youths did scorn.
On Gregory Street we took our stand
  Nor were we very sad,
  Because it was on Frank Street
That the older men did land.

I remember, I remember,
  The class rooms, dark and gray;
The fountain where we quenched our thirst
  Nigh drenched us with its spray;
The lunch room where at twelve o'clock
  Upon the boards and planks
We tried in vain to eat our lunch
  Amid our childish pranks.

I remember, I remeber,
  The alley where we played.
We never yearned for acres,
  We never once complained.
Our spirit was of high school sort
  To which all ages bow.
For we were the "Fighting Irish" then;
  That is just what we are now.

I remember, I remember,
  The lessons long and tough.
I thought the teachers did not know
  When we had had enough.
This was a Freshie's ignorance,
  'Tis now a consolation
To know that daily routine grind
  Has won us graduation.

GERARD DELAIRE.

Math

To the annex out on Gregory Street
  Some bright faced youngsters came.
They started in as Freshmen
  Unknown to care or fame.

What little joy they met with
  To cheer them on their way
Was counteracted by the math
  Which they plugged at night and day.

Algebra in all its forms,
  Geometry and trig,
Four years of mathematics!
  O, boy, how they did dig!

At last, with faces wrinkled,
  With shoulders bent—with age,
Each leaves his Alma Mater,
  Knowledge crammed—a sage.

HOWARD MILLER.

Our Banquet

On February 7th, the senior class upheld a tradition which is as old as the school itself—by holding a Senior Banquet. The banquet was held in the new Knights of Columbus Building and claims the distinction of being the first banquet to be held in that building. The affair was in charge of a committee composed of Francis Norton, chairman, Martin Gullen and Harry Kendall. They were ably assisted by that genial chairman-at-large, Bob Metzger.

After an agreeable repast, the class president, who, as usual, presided, called the diners to order and announced that speeches were in order. As a sort of stimulant, Father Keefe spoke. He was followed by Mort Leary, who in turn gave way to Father Ball. That benign gentleman had the audacity to suggest that the students be called upon to speak. After Father Brien spoke (during which speech he did not *even* mention tardiness, to the surprise of all), the toastmaster called upon Emmet O'Brien for a short speech. After delicately satirizing one of the previous speakers, Emmet mumbled an excuse about forgetting a prepared speech, and sat down, to the relief of all. Fearful lest the honor of his class should fall, the master of ceremonies quickly summoned Mr. Masucci and Mr. Rock to his aid, and they responded most nobly. Father Grady closed the evening with a few choice words and prayer.

The remarkable co-operation of the class towards the success of the venture was emphasized by the kindness of Mr. Dwyer in furnishing his orchestra for the evening. The orchestra featured Mr. Jack Strowger, a dancer par-excellence, and Mr. Philip Dwyer, a harmonica player who played himself into the hearts of even the hard-hearted seniors. Very good for a freshman!

EMMETT SCHNEPP.

✡ ✡ ✡

Poetry???

We first came to these portals, Freshmen green as grass;
As grave and reverend seniors now, we gaze upon years past.
We have spent the time together, we have struggled side by side,
Gone is the bond that held us; to his own way each must bide.

Some will go to Holy Cross or Niagara so fair;
Some to Bonaventure the home of peace and prayer.
When we come once more together at reunions of our class,
We'll live again the happy days, the days so gaily passed.

WILLIAM JONES.

Moods

MAN is a peculiar animal. One minute he is happy and light-hearted, without a care in the world; then he suddenly becomes thoughtful and pensive; and again, his whole demeanor may betoken storms of wrath and anger. He is as changeable as the weather. One never quite knows just what is coming next and what it is going to bring with it. It is true that some people are more inclined to pessimism than others and that the optimist is quite prevalent, but, nevertheless, both types have their changing moods.

This world in which we live is a thing as full of moods as the average person. In the summer we may say that it is optimistic. It is continually full of sunshine and joy. Still, a sunshiny day may suddenly darken and a storm of rain and thunder spoil the brightest outlook. But—as in the case of the optimistic person—the sunshine soon comes again, with the rainbow as a covenant of the peace which has been broken by the storm. The summer, with its beauty is, however, the time of the year which can best be compared to the habitually joyful person. Storms may come but they soon pass.

Then as the days grow shorter, comes the time of the year which betokens the pessimist. A continual gloom seems to be in the air. Late October days are the most beautiful of the year, provided we have sunshine to accompany and brighten them, but such days are "few and far between" and the time intervening is suffocated in gloom.

With winter comes the season which can best be compared to the man of quick temper. He is ordinarily the happiest person in the world. His days are filled with fun; just as the days of the winter months, though short, are filled with glittering snow when the sky clears and the sun shines. But then comes the storm! This is one of the most fearsome things that God has ever created. It kills the light of human charity and kindness, just as a snowstorm or blizzard darkens the sky and shuts out the union of the people of one household with the people of another. Again, however, comes the sunshine after the storm. Peace is declared and the days seem to be more blinding in their brilliance than ever before.

Thus it is with man. His moods are always varying as the seasons of the year and the days of the seasons. He is ever different. This shows that man is not constant. He is fickle, changing; he is human.

HAROLD WEISS.

THE FRESHMAN!
THE SOPHOMORE
THE JUNIOR!!
THE SENIOR
SUCCESS AT LAST!!

Our Mother

The one to whom a boy invariably turns in time of trouble is his mother. She is the one who always seems to understand, to sympathize, and to share the burden of our care. Throughout the battle of life, her presence is a source of inspiration and of courage.

How many of us think of our spiritual Mother in time of trial? Yes; truly is Mary our Mother, and most certainly does she possess all those qualities which lend so distinctive a charm to our natural mothers. Most of us, however, are slow in seeking her aid when in sore need. And what an aid she is! Think of it! The Mother of God is ever anxious that we ask her to intercede for us at the throne of her Divine Son! Would we refuse any request which it lies in our power to grant to our mothers? Would He, Who at Mary's request anticipated the time of His first miracle, refuse her request in our cause?

Let us, on leaving the school where we have been taught to confide in our Blessed Mother, resolve to take to Mary our every trouble, confident that with her assistance all things will be well. As a parting thought, I would repeat the assuring words so often quoted to us:

Mary is God's Mother; therefore she *can* help us.
Mary is our Mother; therefore she *will* help us.

RAYMOND SOMMERS.

✡ ✡ ✡

Memory Lane

Often I think of the dear old hall
  Where we spent our freshman year;
Often I stop and attempt to recall
My comrades, my teachers, the building and all
  My hopes, my joys, my fears.

I remember the building, shabby and red;
  With the dreary rooms therein,
The staircases creaky with well-worn treads
Which reechoed as o'er them our young feet sped
  In our hurry out or in.

I remember the clock in its tower on high
  How it sounded each quarter hour,
While over our lessons we fretted and sighed
Most earnestly as the exams drew nigh
  That success might at last be ours.

And now, when I pass by that hallowed spot,
  The home of our freshman class,
I behold there naught but a vacant lot
And believe me or believe me not,
  I sigh for those happy days passed.

CLAYTON WOERNER.

Heard Over the Radio

THE SUCCESS FAMILY

The father is Work. The mother is Ambition. The eldest son is Common Sense.

Some of the other boys are: Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, and Co-operation.

The eldest daughter is Character.

Her sisters are: Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Economy, Care, Sincerity, and Harmony.

The youngest child is Opportunity.

N. B. Get acquainted with the Old Man and you will be able to get along fairly well with the rest of the family.

☼ ☼ ☼

Memories of St. Boniface

There is a place to which the mind of any member of the graduating class of 1928 will inevitably revert as he muses on the days of his high school career. It is the place where he was introduced to high school life, where he underwent the change that transformed him from childhood to young manhood, where he was brought to a realization of the part he would play in life, where he began to dispense with his youthful frivolities and take up the more serious pursuits in the field of education.

Often there surges through the memory of our senior class the picture of an old red school house with its steps and stairways worn to almost a curve through carrying the innumerable footsteps of pupils throughout the many years of the school's existence, and its classrooms, you might say "old and gray," which have echoed the recitations of bright-eyed pupils, themselves now old and gray. Who of this class will ever forget the cafeteria with its almost primitive tables and benches?—or the old gas lights which were called into use on dark days?,—or our biology "lab" which could be carried to class by the teachers? How well we remember the First Friday Communions and the noon-time visits in the church next door! Most of us remember the candy store on the corner where we obtained that article of food so necessary in every boy's life and where we left not a few of our pennies.

Shedding his radiance over this whole scene, was our good friend, Father Boppel, always understanding, always kind and considerate.

This is a feeble attempt to picture our freshman days at the St. Boniface annex. Mere words can never duplicate the real picture which those who actually attended the school have and which they will ever carry with them as a cherished memory.

We thank you, Father Boppel,
God's blessing with you dwell;
When a friend was sorely needed
You served Aquinas well.

RAYMOND SOMMERS.

"Modern Fairyland"

Little Robert, nine years old, had just finished reading a book of fairy tales and was musing over its contents. "What an old, dull, world we are living in," he exclaimed, "there are no fairies, no dragons, no magic rings or lamps and everything is just natural!" Suddenly Robert sat up, wiped his eyes and gasped—was this a fairy silently stealing into his room? Sure enough, it was, and it walked right up to Robert and asked him why he was so sad. When Robert told her that he was sick and disgusted with the world, the fairy told him, to his great surprise, that he was living in a much more wonderful world than she herself was. Robert laughed and told her to stop joking, but the fairy told him to follow her and she would convince him. Wondering what it was all about Robert obeyed.

First the fairy went into the parlor and as it was quite dark therein, Robert pressed the switch button and lit the light. "What caused that," asked the fairy wonderingly?

"Oh, I merely lit the light," replied Robert.

"How perfectly amazing," exclaimed the fairy, "all you have to do is press a button and the room is flooded with light—how wonderful!"

Just then the telephone rang and Robert answered it. After he finished telephoning the fairy asked him why he was speaking to a rubber object. Robert told her that he had been talking to a friend of his who lived several miles distant and that the words were carried by wires. Then when the fairy asked how wires could carry words, Robert admitted he did not know. "How wonderful," cried the fairy. But, when Robert placed a round object on a fancy polished box, and made the box talk and play music, the fairy's wonderment knew no bounds. The fairy gasped with amazement when Robert, by merely turning a numbered dial, listened to a speech given by an orator several hundred miles away. And when the fairy asked him how he could, by means of that box, listen to persons several hundred miles distant, Robert was at a loss to explain. His eyes were beginning to open and he was beginning to think that after all, this world was a really good place to live in. Then, as he was thirsty, he went to the sink, turned on a faucet and immediately water poured forth.

"You even have control of the springs and rivers," cried the fairy. "When we want a drink we have to journey to some spring, but you have one in your very home." "Truly, this earth is a wonderful place."

Then the fairy disappeared and suddenly Robert sat up on the sofa. What a realistic dream he had had! However, it had opened his eyes. He no longer was tired with the world or wished he were in fairy-land. Now he realized what a perfectly marvelous fairy-land he was really living in.

KENNETH EBERHARD.

A White Valentine

Soldier Poet,
Sergeant Joyce Kilmer:
Emboldened by your all-reaching charity,
I should like to say
That we, too, love that beautiful Lady
Whose soul is so white that
It lightens e'en fair Carrara.
So white that it brightens
Everyone who gazes upon it
As the poor,
Or the crippled,
Or the defenseless.
It is as a light from heaven, Sergeant,
Playing softly on her creatures
Below.
It is consoling and heartening.

She possesses this soul,
By the Divine Power made
White from the first instant.
Her earthly sorrows
Have made it whiter still.
Bard of the commonplace,
Little have I sought at your hands;
But when next you render
To Lady Mary
The homage due,
I beg you to say:
"Lady Immaculate,
Some students,
Some of your earthly clients,
Beg me to thank you
For shedding the light
Upon their way." EMMET N. O'BRIEN.

☼ ☼ ☼

Number of Mathematics Courses Offered at Aquinas Reach a Maximum

When the class of '28 reached their third year of high school work, mathematics took a slump as only a very small number signed up for the class in trig. This condition maintained during the first semester of the senior year, since the solid geometry class consisted of but six members, but, quite unexpectedly, affairs mathematical took a turn at the beginning of the present semester when the largest number in the history of Aquinas expressed their desire to take trig and advanced algebra. As a result, five seniors will have four units in math to their credit and about ten others will have secured 3½ units at the end of this year. The class of '29 have imbibed our spirit and next September will find a large group of seniors with the splendid equipment of three and one-half years of math already secured. KENNETH COSTICH.

In Memoriam

The Reverend Mother M. Irene Consedine

of the

Sisters of Mercy, Rochester, N. Y.

December eighteenth, nineteen hundred twenty-seven

Sister M. Ursula Murphy

Directress of Schools

of the

Sisters of St. Joseph of Rochester, N. Y.

March seventeenth, nineteen hundred twenty-eight

We beseech thee, O Lord, that of Thy loving kindness Thou have mercy on the souls of Thy servants and number them among the blessed.

—Amen

Just Nonsense

Once upon a time
I heard a rhyme
About a dime.
If I had the time,
I would tell you the rhyme,
I heard about a dime,
Once upon a time.

It appears that a boy was sitting on a fence
(We will use the imperfect tense).
In his hand he had ten cents,
Better known as a dime
Because it will rhyme
With "Once upon a time."
We know that this is a crime,
But if we had a dime
We'd make a rhyme
Regardless of sense
If we could get our full ten pence.

EMMET N. O'BRIEN.

☼ ☼ ☼

Self-Confidence

We have been asked to write for the Arete.
  To make sure it is not long,
I'll define some common terms for you
  In case you might go wrong.

I'll start in with "freshman;"
  You see it's very low,
Why they let it into school
I truly do not know.

Next we come to "sophomore."
  He is rather blue because
A senior told him yesterday
  "There aint no Santa Claus."

The "junior" is the next in line
  We watch him night and noon;
We watch him. Why? Because
  He'll be a senior soon.

Last on my list is "senior,"
  The pride of old Aquinas;
Of all the students in the school
  There's no doubt that he is finest.

A parting word I'll leave you:
  Don't be hurt at what I say.
You'll one day be a senior
  And rant in the same way.

"HI" SEABRY.

In Paradise

The clouds are gone; the sea is bright;
  The air is sweet and clean;
Our gallant ship embarks to-night
  'Neath Luna's silvery gleam.
'Tis clear; the path that we should roam
  We see with Mirza's eyes;
We're out to win ourselves a home—
  An isle in Paradise.

The sea, with rocks and shoals and mud,
  Will test the stoutest soul;
The cup from which we'll drink life's flood
  Is not a silver bowl.
Each gust will make the halyards moan
  As strong winds through them drive,
While we win for ourselves a home—
  A nook in Paradise.

Beyond the fondest dream we know—
  A forest, dewy sweet;
Where storied "milk and honey flow"
  And lambkins skip and bleat.
The world which now so empty seems
  Will fade before our eyes;
Here shall we rest by laughing streams
  At home, in Paradise.

FRANCIS HARGROVE.

☼ ☼ ☼

Pheasant (?) Hunting

A-Tony, he went a-hunting,
  To shoot a pheasant or two.
He got up in the earliest dawning.
  And into his old clothes he flew.

He got out his trusty old Bertha
  And a-loaded her up with nails,
And poured in a pound 'o black powder.
  Now—forth to the fields, woods and swales.

I saw him returning that evening,
  A-swaggering up thru State Street,
With old Bertha over his shoulder,
  And a crowd tagging 'long at his feet.

And over his shoulder he carried,
  A hen pheasant half shot in two;
A crow; a Rhode Island Red rooster;
  And a black and white "pussy cat," too.

HAROLD A. WEISS.

The Reward of Kindness

MANY miraculous conversions have been made, some through this means and others for that reason. Many stories have been told concerning these, some by renowned authors, others by stragglers like me. But at least I am in earnest in that, as I was impressed by the facts of this tale, I should like to impress you with my story.

My tale begins far up in the northern part of Maine, in a small village where Leo Bunstan lived with his parents. Leo's mother was a holy woman and she brought her boy up to love and honor God. But because she was so good, God called her to Him, so Leo and his father moved to Boston.

Finding himself in a strange city, where he knew nobody, Leo was indeed lonesome. Straying about, searching for adventure, he saw a group of boys playing ball. He wanted to join the game very much, but he had not the courage to ask the boys if he might. Suddenly his eyes were attracted and held by a most unusual sight. There, standing before him, was a boy with a completely black face and with black hands. Leo had never before seen a colored boy. His undisguised stare soon caused the colored lad to turn his eyes upon him. Seeing his longing look, the darkey good-naturedly said to him, "Come heah, boy, and join ah'r game." Little Leo was overwhelmed by gratitude at help from this unexpected source, and searched his pockets frantically for something which would be suitable as a reward. Choosing from his treasures, as the most adequate, a medal of the Blessed Virgin, he gravely presented it to his colored befriender, telling him to always keep it with him. "Dis am a charm, and ah'll have good luck," replied the dark lad, inspecting the medal critically. The blessed medal was only a charm to the negro's distorted mind, and a charm indeed it proved to him. After carrying the medal for some time, his natural curiosity outdid him and he began to ask questions about it. Soon, he learned that it was a Catholic emblem, and his innocent heart which had warmed to his "charm" now also warmed to Catholics.

In Boston, the colored people have a separate colony of their own. The houses of this section are not very prepossessing and one in particular seemed but a ramshackle shell. It was a house meant originally to be a double house. One-half of it was filled with old furniture and the doors were barred up, the other half had a tumble-down porch, the blinds were drawn, and the eaves had broken off in places and were hanging over the upstair windows by strips of tin. In front of the house stood a crowd of gaping negroes. As the object of the negroes' attention approached, they continued to stare, frightenedly, at him. It was a rare occurrence for a Catholic priest to penetrate into the habitation of the darkies. The house had so much the appearance of being deserted that the priest was undecided where to knock. A sign of life appeared in the house of the closed blinds, and a sobbing old colored

woman admitted the priest to the room, with the same show of awe and timidity shown by the crowd without. One glance showed the priest that he was in the home of typical negro people, struggling to earn a living. In the far corner, on a cot, lay the purpose of the priest's visit. Withered by disease, which was hastened to a climax by lack of proper care, Johnny Chirpes struggled to a sitting position and viewed the priest eagerly. The priest beheld, nestled in his hand, a medal of the Blessed Virgin. It is our same negro of the "charm."

Again we find a crowd of negroes gathered together. This time it is in front of St. Alphonsus Catholic Church. Were the scene of the negroes' gathering upon a happier event, the effect produced by each colored person's attempting some feeble means of dress-up and mourning would be absolutely ludicrous. However, one must not have levity at a funeral, and this was indeed a funeral. Many expressions of sorrow and affection could be heard among the crowd, as the body of Johnny Chirpes was carried from the hearse into the church.

It would, in all probability, be vastly amusing if we could see the fear in some of those negroes' hearts as they entered a Catholic Church for the first time. The solemnity of the services made an impression upon these poor friends of Johnny Chirpes that some will never forget. Many converts to the Church were obtained through this new field, hitherto unproductive to mission work.

The will of God is the greatest mystery in the world. In this case Leo Bustan caused a whole colony to hear the word of God because he gave a "charm" to a friendly colored boy.

DONALD WOODS, '29.

☼ ☼ ☼

The Crucifix

I gaze upon the crucifix
  On the white and spotless wall,
And think of how Christ gave His life,
  To save us, one and all.

I see the lines of anguish
  On His patient, loving face;
I see the insult He endured.
  To win us saving grace.

Amidst the jeering, scoffing mob
  On that memorable day
I see Him bear His burden
  O'er the rough and hilly way.

I see the sins that men commit,
  Force down each cruel nail;
I see the Precious Blood gush forth
  And leave Him weak and pale.

I see His loving eyes grown dim
  And view the open side.
O Saviour, let me hide therein,
  Forever there abide!

FRANK J. TRUISI.

CLASS OFFICERS

President
Robert Metzger

Vice-President
William Madden

Secretary
John Hickey

Treasurer
Thomas Burns

MEMBERS OF THE ART COMMITTEE OF ARETE

Donald Meyering Francis Hargrove John Hill, '29

MEMBERS OF THE BUSINESS COMMITTEE OF ARETE

Elwood Hart Walter Corcoran Raymond Sommers

MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY COMMITTEE OF ARETE

Edward Brayer Robert Ritzenthaler Emmet O'Brien Gordon Farrell

Farewell!

Forever in our wanderings
  O'er this vast and wondrous earth,
We'll think of all our happy days
  Brim full of joy and mirth.

And though new friends be many,
  The truest friends of all
Will be those of Alma Mater,
The friends we'll oft recall.

We'll think of priests and sisters;
  And of our laymen, too.
We thank all for their willing aid
  In all we tried to do.

Now, we, the Class of '28
  With sorrow manifest
Are forced to bid a sad farewell
  To the school we love the best.

FRANK J. TRUISI.

✡ ✡ ✡

As we leave you, dear Aquinas,
  We shed a parting tear;
Not a minute spent within your halls
  Seemed gloomy, dull, or drear.

When Freshmen green, four years ago,
  We thought we knew a lot,
But time has sternly taught us
  That Solomons we are not.

We were then the youngest of them all,
  The shrill-voiced, wondering Frosh;
When we returned in '25,
  We were addressed as Sophs.

Then our Junior year sped rapidly,
  Be sure we made things hum,
When September '27 arrived
  Seniors we had become.

Time journeys on relentlessly,
  We gauge our stay by days;
The roses' bloom will bring us
  To the parting of the ways.

Yet, ever in our memory,
  Shall Aquinas stand apart;
Her golden school-day treasures
  Locked deep within our hearts.

HAROLD ROCK.

Observations

I. It seems to be the custom and the tradition that each year certain seniors come to school in antiquated cars, not because they are cheaper or more convenient, but because such mode of travel upholds the senior dignity.

II. It is a commonly accepted fact that the possessor of an aged Ford is the envy of the rest of the fellows, who are not old enough to secure an operator's license.

III. It is conceded that the new baseball diamond has the approval of the student body as an excellent place to play baseball;—yet, in years to come, it may serve as a landing field for collegiate flivver-planes, with which Henry is now experimenting.

IV. It is known by all that when a student, his lunch being finished, crinkles his lunch wrapper tightly in his fist, he is under suspicion of malicious intent to create disorder.

V. It is a mistaken notion of some underclassmen that they can while away the hours in this temple of the Muses until they have reached their senior year when Father Wurzer must arrange it so that they can carry no less than ten subjects and thereby graduate.

VI. It is peculiar to some students to rant continually about their assiduous pursuit of learning, and then "flunk" their examinations.

VII. It has been noticed that, when the Arete is published, the average student exclaims in disguest that it is the work of a favored few; for such criticism let it be said that much was written, but only a little was chosen.

VIII. It is likewise peculiar to some people to disdain all pretense to study, and then to pass with a high average.

IX. It is an accepted truth that it is the freshman that makes all the noise that disturbs one; that it is the sophomore who swaggers down the corridors with an air of braggadocio and bumps one; and that the junior is the smiling, quiet fellow who inspires our Prefect of Studies with his high marks.

X. It is also axiomatic that it is the senior who sets the example for the rest of the school; worries Father Wurzer; pesters Father Grady; annoys Father Brien; irritates his teachers; does a hundred and one things he shouldn't do; then graduates with the blessing of the school—perhaps because he is gone.

"Frank" Penny.

Will of the Class of 1928

OUR life in Aquinas, although of short duration, has been an extremely happy one. Now that the time has come when we, the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, must depart from this life, it is our desire to insure an equally happy one for our successors.

With this object in view, we do hereby draw up and publish our last will and testament.

I. To our Alma Mater we leave a record of our achievements of which we are justly proud, together with a spirit of eternal love and loyalty. We also remind her of her obligation to ever keep us fresh in her memory.

II. To the Junior Class, we extend our heartiest good wishes, and hope that in the year to come they may fully enjoy all the privileges which will be theirs upon their attainment of mighty Seniordom. We charge them with observing the "Flag Day", which we inaugurated, and expect them to see to the placing of the National Emblem in the home rooms during their senior year.

III. To the Sophomores, we bequeath our unsurpassed ability in all things scholastic and commend them, each and every one, for the masterly way in which they have "slaughtered" the tyrant Caesar. Under the able guidance of Father Keefe, to whose care we commit you, many more equally brilliant victories will be won.

IV. On the Freshmen, we bestow the privilege of going to the cafeteria during the second lunch period, where, through their association with the Juniors and yea, even the mighty Seniors, they may gain bits of knowledge which will carry them on to their goal. May they increase in knowledge, and in dignity!

V. To the members of the faculty who have labored so unselfishly in our behalf, we can offer nothing more than an assurance of our deepest gratitude and regret at this parting. Always helpful, ever encouraging, they have proved themselves true friends to us all.

Having hereby set down the terms of our last will and testament, we do appoint as our executor The Reverend Joseph E. Grady, vesting him with the full authority necessary for the enforcement of the above mentioned terms and conditions.

Testator, THE CLASS OF 1928.
per WALTER J. CORCORAN.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we hereunto set our hand and seal this twentieth day of April, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

Witnesses:
I. ROBERT W. METZGER, *President.*
II. WILLIAM L. MADDEN, *Vice-President.*

True Friendship

One of the most common things in the world is friendship, but one of the rarest is true, congenial friendship. A man may have innumerable friends and still have but one true friend. The word friendship is often misused for acquaintance. A friend is one whose thoughts and ideals are closely allied with yours. You should be on the same social and intellectual level as he. You should be able to converse freely and confidentially with him, and periods of silence between conversation should not be lonesome, but congenial. These qualities are essential to true friendship. Acquaintances need have none of these. An acquaintance may be positively distasteful to you, but if he is not an enemy, he is usually classed as a friend.

Another essential to frienship is love. Among men this is rare. To love, you must want to love another, regardless of the cost. If you really love a friend, his actions may hurt you terribly at times but you are always willing to forgive. The only thing that can break up a true friendship is lack of honor. When once you lose confidence in your friend's word, you lose confidence in him, and the crumbling of friendship begins.

A close friendship will alter both persons concerned. Each will pick out the good and sometimes the bad qualities in the other for imitation. If you really love a person, you admire him. If you admire him, you want to be like him, and it is in trying to be like him that you imitate him. Close friendships are not always a benefit because of this imitation, but on the whole they are beneficial. Anything cannot be condemned because of the exceptions.

I have a friend, a real one. We agree on nine points out of every ten. We love one another and would go through fire for one another. What is his is mine, and vice versa. We have the same tastes in books, sports and work. We can sit and talk for hours at a time. The pauses in our conversation are never awkward, but, on the contrary, they are congenial. We play pranks on each other and take them good naturedly. This fellow is more a friend, an intimate to me than some of my own relatives; although my love for him is not so strong, perhaps it is a different kind of love. We have been together for six years, and he goes to school now with me at Aquinas. During this time there have been only two minor breaks in our relations, which were quickly patched up. He is the one bright spot in this rather drab high school life.

A true friend is a treasure, the needle in the haystack. If you gain a true friend, keep him, as you may never have another. True friendships come but once in a lifetime to some people; other people have several. To conclude, I think I have proved that true friendship is one of the greatest influences in life.

JOHN GRIFFIN.

An Appreciation

It does not lie within the field of everyone to be able to make an interesting sketch, to write a humorous story or, perhaps, one in a deeply serious vein, but it is within the power of each one of us to say a few words concerning his school life at Aquinas.

To me it does not mean the culmination of all striving but it does mean a way to an end. Having nearly completed that way a feeling of work accomplished flows through me. Perhaps it could or should have been done better, but finished it is and that once and for all. The best I can say is that if I were to start in again I would choose Aquinas such as it is, knowing that in no other institution for secondary education could I better prepare myself for my future life.

WILLIAM JONES.

☼ ☼ ☼

The Cafeteria

Just as in the coffee shops of London, various groups of society were wont to meet to discuss the current news of the day, so do the students of Aquinas turn our cafeteria into a hall where they may discuss all the affairs of interest to the several groups of students who attend our school.

At one table may be found those renowned in local sport activities; at another, are seated those who prefer to debate about economic problems or to delve into the intricacies of some mathematical puzzle; while at a third we find the socially inclined anxious to complete the plans for their next event.

Another class of fellows may be found who visit the cafeteria solely for the purpose of building up their tissue and, if the conversation of the other groups proves interesting to the onlooker, the "down to business" air of this crowd proves fully as interesting.

Whatever the purpose of the student's visit to the cafeteria, he seldom leaves it before he has yielded to the lure of the candy counter and, with his pockets filled with a goodly supply of confections, he hies for class with an expression of complete satisfaction.

ARTHUR SCHWARTZ.

☼ ☼ ☼

An Aquinas Dictionary—First Edition

"jug"—an extra session from 2:30 until 3:45 for various types of culprit.

"Prisoners' Song"—the dishonor roll.

"feed time"—11:15—12-15.

"gloomy room"—Father Brien's office.

"gas house"—chemistry lab.

"stone dry"—our swimming pool.

"hooked"—see "nailed."

"broadcast it"—put it on the bulletin board.

"lie low"—Make teacher forget you are present when unprepared.

"nailed"—see "sentenced."

"perfume"—the remains of a chemistry experiment.

"duck"—see "lie low."

"dry up"—do not broadcast it.

"no smoking"—a smoking license.

"Aquinas annex"—Nazareth Academy.

DONALD MEYERING.

Illusion

We look on a magnificent scene of soft, white silence. The hills on either side of the valley that nestles before us display their new coats of priceless ermine in the cold shafts of pale light from the bleak, frozen moon, wandering in solitude in the sea of ebony that stretches over us. Directly in front looms a limitless forest, its tall pine trees stretching long, thin, black fingers toward the silver disk high above. The sparkling beauty of this study in black and white absorbs us and leaves us spellbound. We do not even realize the great coldness, although the frigid hand of the North is probably congealing our blood. Not a sound, not a sign of life disturbs the rugged grandeur of this shimmering spectacle.

Suddenly on our benumbed senses falls the scraping, crackling sound of rapid approach. Who can it be? Then, from the dark, forbidding recesses of the forest is ejected a small, hastening figure. It must be a boy, but why is he hurrying so? He is tired out now. His wobbling limbs will scarcely lift the snowshoes. He must be—. It's a girl; and someone is following her! A big, burly, greasy man, evidently of Latin extraction, is swiftly overtaking her—a tender fawn pursued by a greedy wolf—a beautiful, pure, sweet violet about to be trampled on by a monstrous beast. He stretches out his arm to seize her—"Stop". The crackling of ten thousand whiplashes is in the command that comes from the summit of the little hill on our right. A tall, thin man with tremendously broad shoulders and eyes as cold and piercing as the moon itself, is quickly beside the panting man and the terror-stricken girl. Ah! This is what we've searched for in all parts of the globe. Adventure, romance and chivalry are not dead after all! The tall man grasps the flabby Frenchman in a crushing grip. There will be a fight; there will be murder; there will be—Crash:

The super-jazz band of the Winter Garden Supper Club blares forth in brilliant harmony and "Mignon et Compagnons" whirl into the dizzy first steps of their specialty dance. We slump back in our chair. Something has gone from us. It was almost in our possession a moment ago, but now it is gone. Truly, then, our search for adventure and romance has been fruitless. Chivalry is dead. The knights and ladies of old are departed and in their place we have braying saxophone players and writhing dancers.

FRANCIS H. HARGROVE.

☼ ☼ ☼

Hints on Success

"Make light of everything," advises the Match.
"Be smart," insists the Liniment.
"Be up to date," says the Calendar.
"Be a fair fellow," warns the Exposition.
"Stick like me," counsels the Glue.
"Swing into action," exhorts the Trapeze.
"Have a good line," encourages the Ruler.
"Try this sway," teases the alcohol.

EDWARD BRAYER.

Hobbies

All men were created equal, but their tastes and habits are not alike. There is a peculiar streak in almost every person which attracts him to one certain thing. This is called his hobby. For instance, book collectors fancy old books, first editions and rare bindings. An exact duplicate of the same book may be available in the seventh edition at about one-twenty-fifth of the price he pays for the first edition. Stamp collectors, also, pay large sums of money for old issues of stamps. These are two of the more common hobbies.

There are also other hobbies which people have. These are also common but are not so well known. A man may have a liking for clothes. His wardrobe probably contains about three suits for every occasion, formal or informal. Another may have a fancy for shoes and may have fifteen or twenty pairs of shoes. There are also many jewel collectors. They purchase all kinds of jewelry, antique and modern, imitation and real. I recall one man, known as "Diamond" Jim Brady, who had a habit of wearing no jewelry but diamonds. His rings, studs, cuff-links and tie pins were all set with large diamonds.

These habits grow on one just as the smoking of cigarettes does. A collector may hear of an art treasure, a rare stamp or a first edition, and travel many thousand miles to obtain it and pay an incredible sum of money for it. If you must have a hobby, I advise you to pick out an inexpensive one because some people have been known to pay out their last cent for some object to complete their collection.

KENNETH J. COSTICH.

☼ ☼ ☼

When the classes all are done,
I mean all but the last one,
I sit with anxious eye turned toward the clock.
With a minute more to go,
It never seemed so slow;
It's like an hour 'tween every tick and tock.

The teacher stern and cross,
Gives work—('twould kill a horse),
But what he's saying doesn't mean a thing.
I am thinking of the fun
We could have if school were done.
Say, is the class bell ever going to ring?

And thus it is each day
That we while the hours away,
Unmindful of the value of our time.
When our high school life is o'er,
We shall miss it more and more.
And now I think I'll have to end this rhyme.

HAROLD ROCK.

I never saw his name
ON the lists
THE charity funds
PUBLISHED.
I'D wager, though,
THAT he was linked
WITH more than one
DONATION
"BY a friend"
AND often when
HE thought himself
ALONE and
UNOBSERVED
I'VE seen him
UNOBTRUSIVELY
TO Drop a little
SOMETHING
BY the wayside
IN the shadowy realms
OF the life
HE'D known so well
BEFORE he rose
A self made man.
SOMETIMES
IT was beneath the portal
OF a humble home
IF you can call the
SHABBY door a portal
OR the little hut a home
AND he seemed
TO guess
WHEN it was needed most
AND they called him
THE "Unknown Friend,"
A guardian angel,
Maybe, he was.
. . . . . .
HE'S gone now.
THE taper of his life
SNUFFED out before it tarried
FULL its time
I somehow know
THE gleam of that
POOR soul
SHINES today
UNTARNISHED and
IN peace,
ATTENDED in another world
BY the friends
WHO never
KNEW him
HERE below.

HOWARD MILLER.

☼ ☼ ☼

This is to jog the memories of those who spent the scholastic year 1924-25 at the St. Boniface Annex. Remember:

The squeaky, worn-out, half-rotted stairways?
The old, dirty walls and wall-paper and.....
The miraculous change after the paint job?
The ancient gas fixtures and.....
The new electric ones?
The "lab?"
The water fountain?
The "up-to-date" cafeteria?
The tables and benches in the cafeteria?
The "basket-ball" and "soccer-ball" games in the cafeteria after lunch?
The ball-games in the street?
The five o'clock "jug?"
The big clock that struck every fifteen minutes?
The half-days every first Friday?
The first and last assembly?
The "gym" classes?
Mr. Mack?
The soda store at the corner where we bought ice-cream cones and did our Latin homework (with the help of the Greek waiters)?

ALDEN STEINWACHS.

When?

When there's swimming in our pool;
When crooks obey the "Golden Rule;"
When Western Union clocks are right;
When bootleggers are shot on sight;
When subway trains pull in on time;
When politics have left this clime;
When traffic cops all fall dead;
When traffic signals are never red;
And flivvers have the right-o-way,
We'll have no school St. Patrick's day.

March the seventeenth's the date.
It's never early; never late.
But when it falls on Saturday—
We have no school St. Patrick's day.

HAROLD A. WEISS.

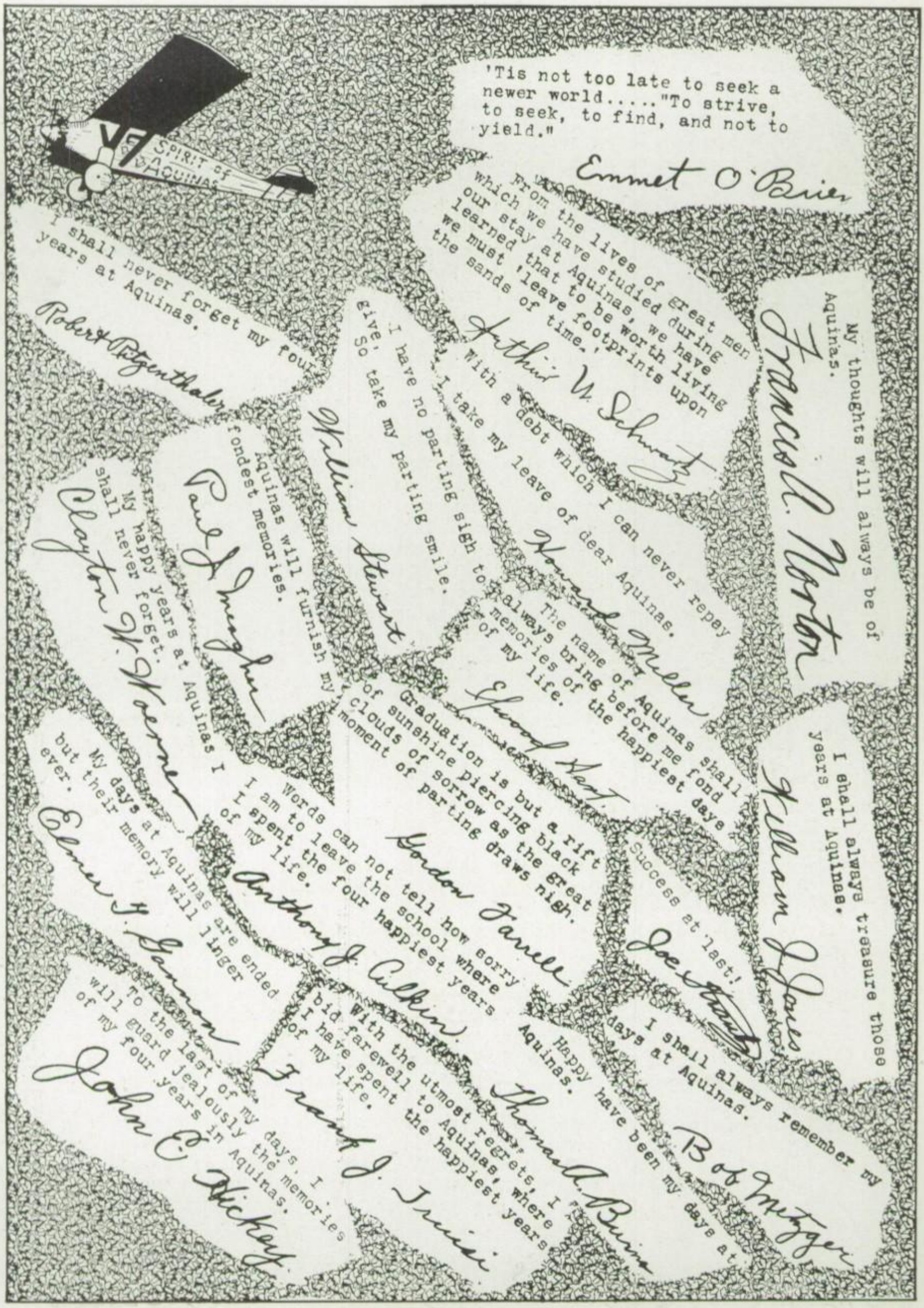
Dreams

I SIT in my darkened room alone watching the dying firelight flicker and flare on the hearth, making dark shadows that dance and play on the warm stones like so many elves that entice one away to a land of dreams. And as my mind travels into a realm of fancy I ponder on the question of what dreams are.

Dreams are the most permanent realities of our lives. Like the morning dew on the flowers, they freshen and nourish our lives and raise us to high ideals. As the sunlight reflects the depths of a pool, so dreams reflect the very depths of our soul, bringing to light our deepest thoughts and emotions, and leaving us cool and refreshed. But what are dreams? Dreams are clouds that float eternally over the everlasting sky of thought, changing ever their shapes and colored by the experiences of life. You may catch the strong outlines that life brings today on their fingers, but tomorrow may breed a whirlwind that will drive black shadows across your sky of thought and change the aspect of your life forever.

Dreams are the fountains of youth in whose mirrored depths time vanishes. He who dreams is young, whether his hair be golden or gray; whether his life is just begun or his life is nigh well done. Shall we point to one and say that he is a dreamer and condemn him for that? No! We are all dreamers! No matter how matter of fact we may be, no matter how unemotional, no matter how economical, we have all dreamed and are dreamers. Who has not speculated on wealth, love, home, marriage, the future? We all have, and therefore we have dreamed. No mind is so dull, no eye so blind that it cannot find pabulum for dreams. Each little episode is full could we but perceive it. Every action has its effect on the soul. Everything has its tears and smiles. The world is full of material, and every suggesting thought is making us what we are and what we shall be. Yes, dreams are realities and play a subtle part in our lives. We may not be masters of our destiny; we may not be masters of the universe; but we are masters of dreams, and dreams are our lives.

HIRAM BERG.



'Tis not too late to seek a newer world....."To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Emmet O'Brien

From the lives of great men which we have studied during our stay at Aquinas, we have learned that to be worth living we must 'leave footprints upon the sands of time.'

Arthur W. Schwartz

My thoughts will always be of Aquinas.

Francis A. Norton

I shall never forget my four years at Aquinas.

Robert Pitzenthaler

I have no parting sigh to give, So take my parting smile.

William Stewart

With a debt which I can never repay I take my leave of dear Aquinas.

Howard Miller

The name of Aquinas shall always bring before me fond memories of the happiest days of my life.

Elwood Hart

I shall always treasure those years at Aquinas.

William J. Jones

Aquinas will furnish my fondest memories.

Paul J. Meagher

My happy years at Aquinas I shall never forget.

Clayton W. Woerner

Graduation is but a rift of sunshine piercing black clouds of sorrow as the great moment of parting draws nigh.

Gordon Farrell

Success at last!

Joe Strauss

I shall always remember my days at Aquinas.

Bob Metzger

Words can not tell how sorry I am to leave the school where I spent the four happiest years of my life.

Anthony J. Culkin

Happy have been my days at Aquinas.

Thomas A. Burns

My days at Aquinas are ended but their memory will linger ever.

Elmer Y. Gannon

With the utmost regrets, I bid farewell to Aquinas, where I have spent the happiest years of my life.

Frank J. Truisi

To the last of my days, I will guard jealously the memories of my four years in Aquinas.

John E. Hickey

My memories of Aquinas will
happy ones.

Kenneth Eberhard

I am happy to finish my high
school career, but am sorry to
leave the school which has given
me this happiness.

William L. Young

I'll always remember Aquinas.

Edward J. Welch

My days at Aquinas will forever
linger in my memory as pleasant
reminiscences.

John P. Rodman

The memory of years spent at
Aquinas will reamin with me
through my life.

Harold Rock

With due appreciation of all
that Aquinas has meant to me
I lower the curtain on my high
school career.

Francis J. Marano

Fond memories of Aquinas,
I shall always cherish.

Clement E. Gallagher

My days at Aquinas have been
happy ones.

Michael Fuchette Jr.

The days which I have spent
in Aquinas have been the happiest
in my life.

George C. Andrews

Sunshine is mingled with shadow
as the time of parting draws
nenr.

Walter J. Corcoran

My fondest memories will
always be of the days spent
at Aquinas.

Lewis Dietz

The name of Aquinas will
ever recall happy memories.

Hiram Berg

I shall always remember my days
at Aquinas.

John F. Williams

In later life, the fond
memories of happy days within
your portals will be highly
treasured.

Harold A. Hess

Aquinas! may you live for-
ever, with the beauty that was
Greece and the glory that was
Rome.

Joseph Powers

My four happiest years!

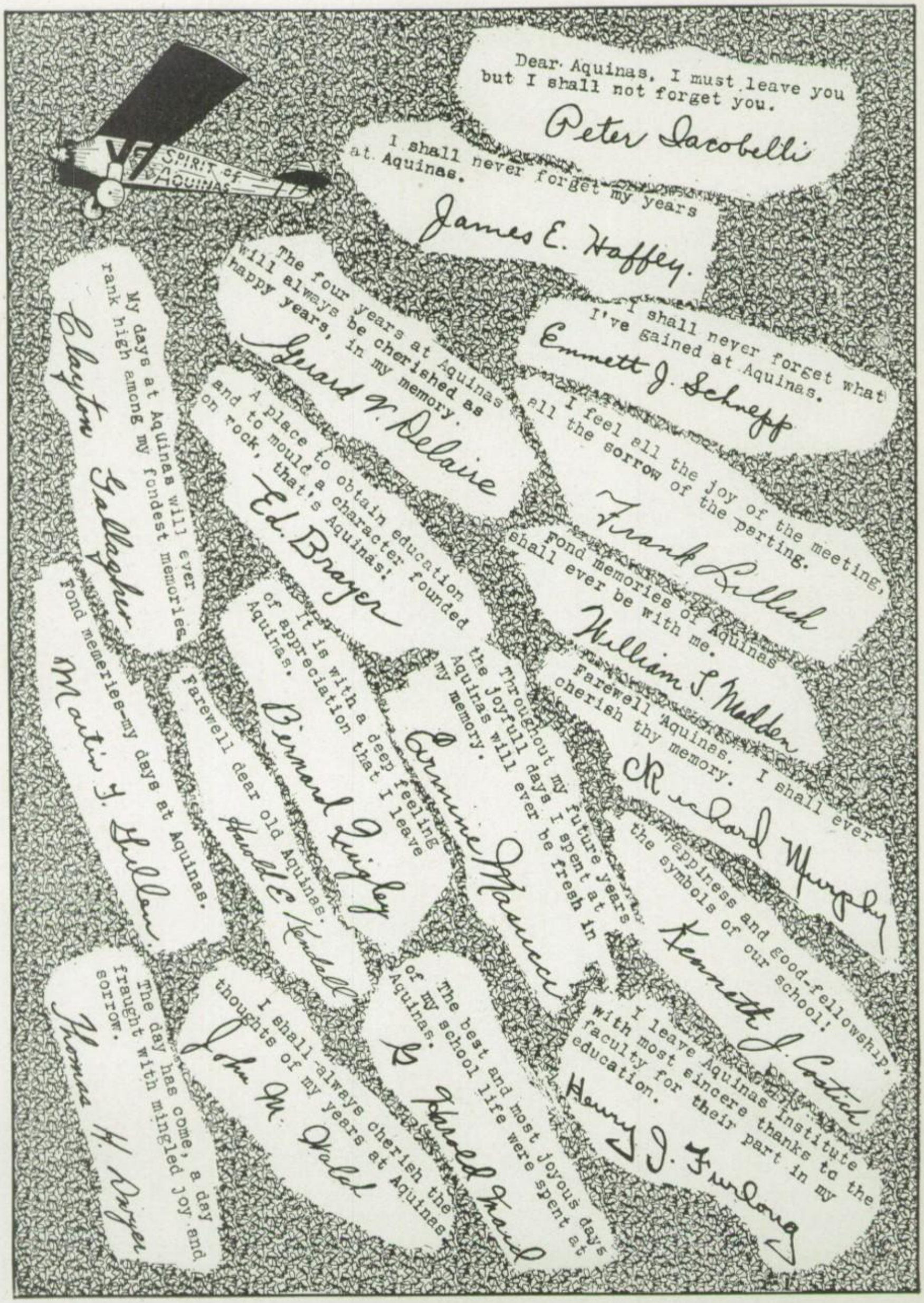
Howard Meyering

My four years at Aquinas
have not been wasted years.

Harold K. Sims

If my whole life could be spent
as my years at Aquinas!

Frank A. Miller



Dear Aquinas, I must leave you but I shall not forget you.
Peter Iacobelli

I shall never forget my years at Aquinas.
James E. Haffey.

I shall never forget what I've gained at Aquinas.
Emmett J. Schnepp

I feel all the joy of the meeting, all the sorrow of the parting.
Frank Lillich

Fond memories of Aquinas shall ever be with me.
William S. Madden

Farewell Aquinas. I shall ever cherish thy memory.
Richard Murphy

Happiness and good-fellowship, the symbols of our school!
Kenneth J. Costich

I leave Aquinas Institute with most sincere thanks to the faculty for their part in my education.
Henry J. Furlong

The four years at Aquinas will always be cherished as happy years, in my memory.
Gerard V. Delaire

A place to obtain education and to mould a character founded on rock, that's Aquinas!
Ed. Brayer

Throughout my future years the joyfull days I spent at Aquinas will ever be fresh in my memory.
Ermine Masucci

It is with a deep feeling of appreciation that I leave Aquinas.
Bernard Quigley

Farewell dear old Aquinas.
Harold E. Kendall

The best and most joyous days of my school life were spent at Aquinas.
B. Harold Maud

I shall always cherish the thoughts of my years at Aquinas.
John M. Walsh

My days at Aquinas will ever rank high among my fondest memories.
Clayton Gallagher

Fond memeries-my days at Aquinas.
Martin J. Gullen

The day has come, a day fraught with mingled joy and sorrow.
Thomas H. Dwyer

With fond memories of four happy years.
Harold L Seabry

Though my days at Aquinas are ended, the memory will endure
Gerald N. Wilson

Farewell! I shall ever remember these four years which I have spent within your walls.
John Griffin

The day has come, a day fraught with mingled joy and sorrow
Louis Dietz

Four years well-spent.
Chester Pirò

Out of school life into life's school.
John Goodwin

The course ended, memories linger on.
Louis Dowd

Memories of Aquinas will be always dear to me.
Emmett G. McGee

In a spirit of joy, I look forward to the day of graduation- Voila tout-
Walter Gunn

I shall always remember the happy days spent at Aquinas.
Timothy Maloney

I shall always remember the days I spent here as pleasant ones.
George Esterheld

Those days, you bet, I never shall forget.
Harold G Hawkins

My time at Aquinas- the happiest of my life.
John E. McMillen

With four years of preparation at Aquinas I feel I am well fitted to fight the battle of life.
Ray Sommers

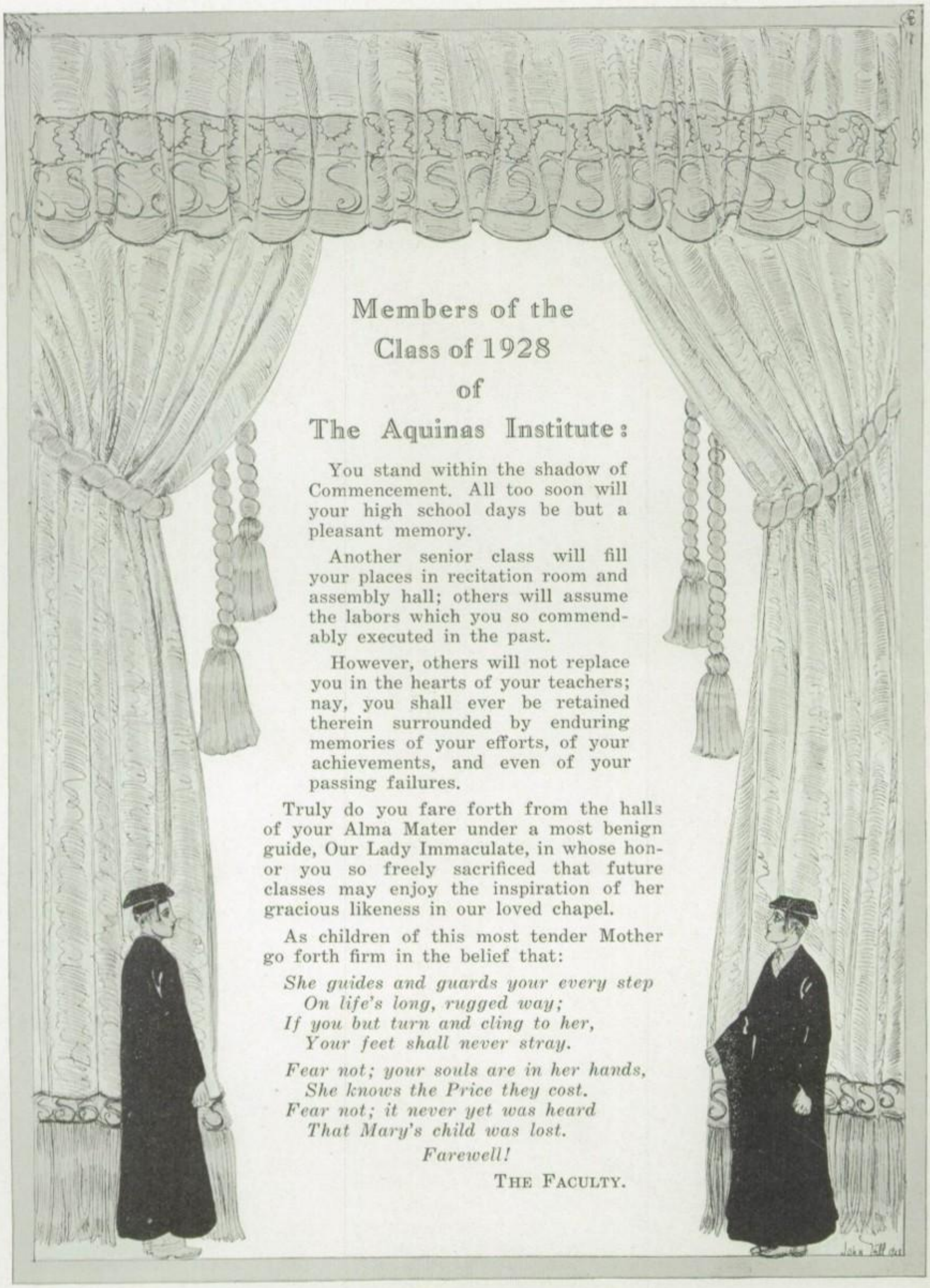
A little sorry to be leaving the old school, - a little glad to be able to seek new fields;- thus I leave Aquinas.
Francis H. Hargrove

It is with a happy heart but with deep regret that I bid Aquinas farewell.
Edison DeLeo

My school days at Aquinas- gone, but not forgotten.
Alden Steinwachs

May the friendships formed in his dear school be undying.
Doc-La Cour

In later years it will give me pleasure to think of the days spent in study and recitations at Aquinas.
Frank Penny



Members of the Class of 1928 of The Aquinas Institute:

You stand within the shadow of Commencement. All too soon will your high school days be but a pleasant memory.

Another senior class will fill your places in recitation room and assembly hall; others will assume the labors which you so commendably executed in the past.

However, others will not replace you in the hearts of your teachers; nay, you shall ever be retained therein surrounded by enduring memories of your efforts, of your achievements, and even of your passing failures.

Truly do you fare forth from the halls of your Alma Mater under a most benign guide, Our Lady Immaculate, in whose honor you so freely sacrificed that future classes may enjoy the inspiration of her gracious likeness in our loved chapel.

As children of this most tender Mother go forth firm in the belief that:

She guides and guards your every step
On life's long, rugged way;
If you but turn and cling to her,
Your feet shall never stray.

Fear not; your souls are in her hands,
She knows the Price they cost.
Fear not; it never yet was heard
That Mary's child was lost.

Farewell!

THE FACULTY.

Group of Chinese School Children with their Teachers at the Catholic Mission of Tsan-Dan-Kow. Father Piggot in the Center.

Billy Has A Problem

"Have I a vocation, Father?"

"Well, Billy, let's see."

Question 1: "Would you like to save a soul for our Lord? An immortal soul for whom He died on the Cross? Would you save it, if you got a chance?"

"You bet I would."

"Fine." Now Question 2:

"How about it if it meant giving up something you like? I mean, if it meant a sacrifice. Nothing, of course, that lots of other folks aren't giving up. No sacrifice that God wouldn't give you plenty of strength for."

"I'd like to do it anyhow. God would give me grace. I'd be game."

"Fine again."

Question 3: "Though you do cut up once in a while at home or at school, you aren't really very tough, are you? I mean you aren't in the habit of committing big mortal sins every week?

"No, I'm not an angel. But I keep away from mortal sins pretty well."

"Attaboy!"

Question 4: "While you may not be a genius, they still didn't have to burn down the school to get you out of the third grade, did they? I mean, you're not terribly dumb?"

"No, I'm not very clever. But I expect to graduate all right."

"Swell."

Last Question: "Is your health pretty good? You can keep out of the hospital most of the time?"

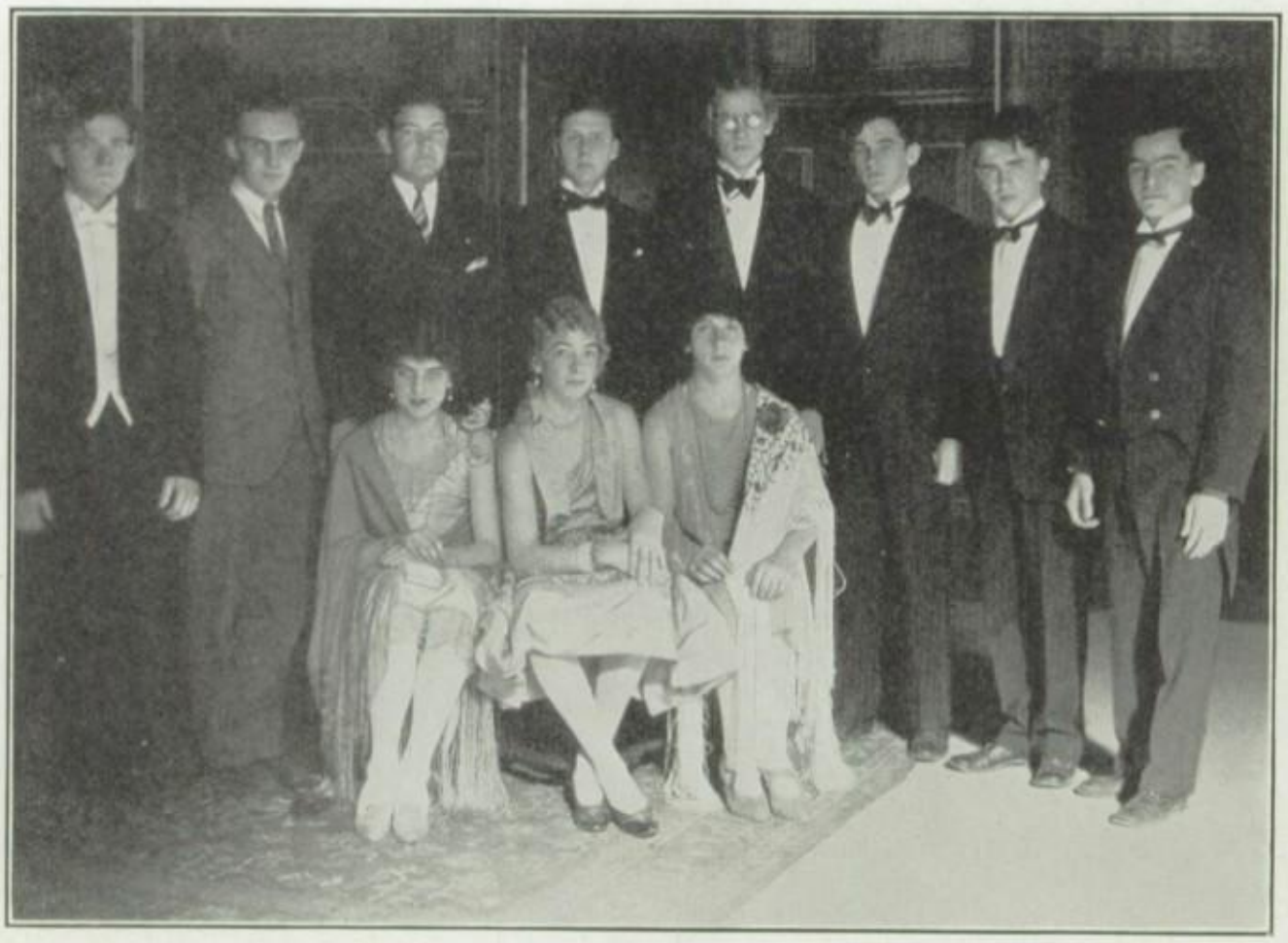
"You bet I can. I'm healthy all right, though I am a bit skinny."

"All right, Billy. And congratulations!"

"Yes, it looks to me as if God *is* really inviting you into His high service, to be an officer in His splendid army. It won't be a sin to stay back. But it would be a crazy blunder. Think of the loss through all eternity to your own soul and the souls you might have saved.

"Ask your confessor about it the next time you go to confession. Don't be shy. He understands perfectly."

THE PLAY'S
THE THING.
Jesse Hill



Standing: T. Dennis, C. Kunz, S. Gartland, R. Miller, H. Rockwell, J. Houlihan, H. McLaughlin, V. Mancuso
Seated: E. Plant, T. Dwyer, C. Furtherer

Dulcy

Under the direction of Mr. Joseph Schnitzer, faculty director of dramatics, the Dramatic Club presented the three-act comedy "Dulcy," in the auditorium, on the evenings of October 24, 25, and 26.

The play centered about a young married couple, Mr. Gordon Smith and his wife, Dulcy, and their efforts to gain the favor of a wealthy magnate, C. Rogers Forbes. After many reverses and a few embarrassing encounters, affairs turn out favorably to all.

Too much cannot be written in praise of the manner in which the boys impersonated the feminine characters, nor should we pass over the work of Harvey Rockwell in portraying the stern qualities of the magnate, Forbes. In fact, every member of the cast did justice to his part as was evidenced by the rounds of applause which their work elicited from those present.

We congratulate both the Club and its director for the delightful entertainment which "Dulcy" afforded the appreciative audiences which crowded the auditorium on the three evenings of its presentation.

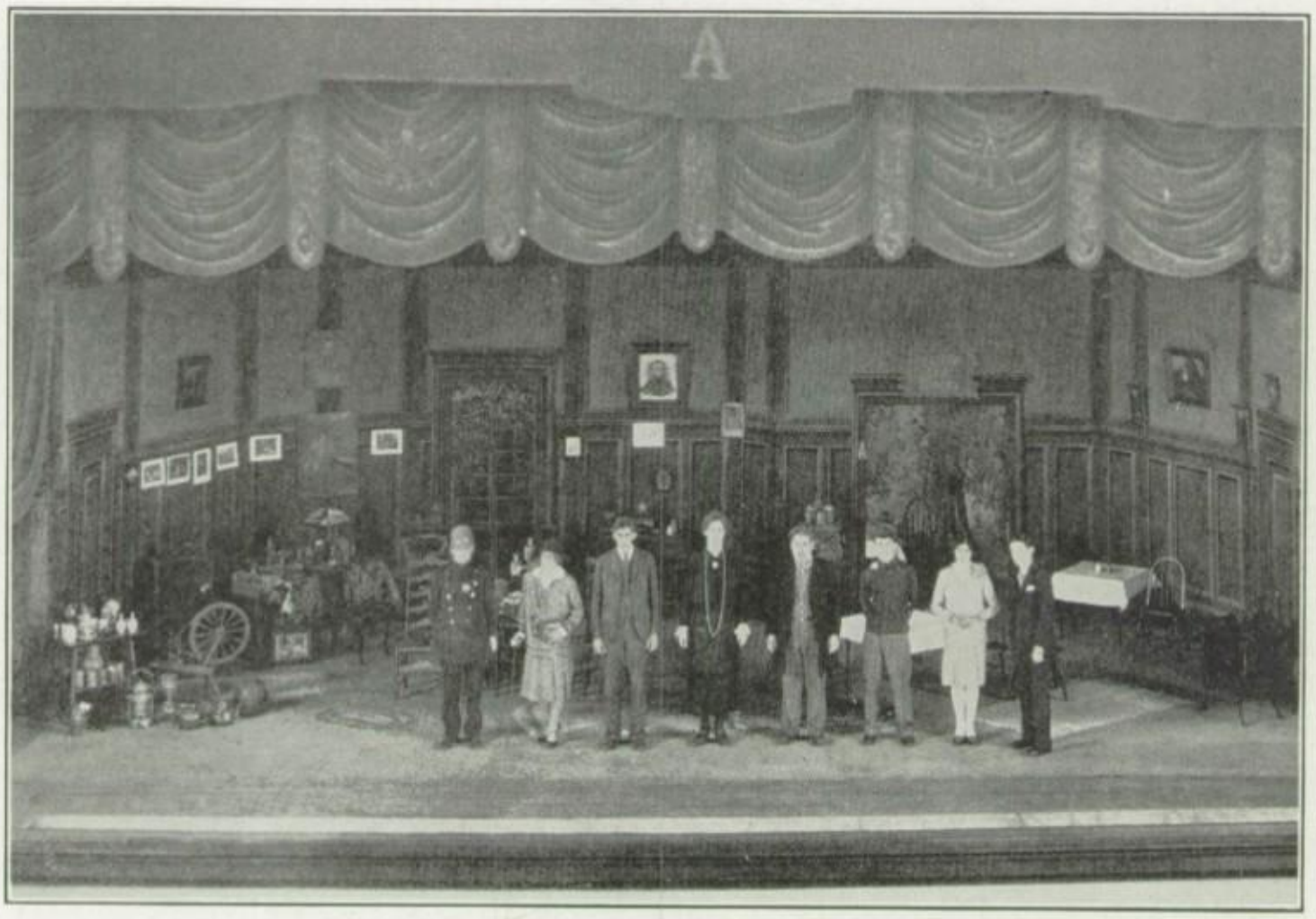
GORDON FARRELL.

Christmas Rhetorical

On the feast of Saint Thomas, Apostle, the students of Aquinas presented "Fiat Lux," a short play in which was vividly portrayed the deep significance of the gift of Faith. It was a fitting performance for the Christmas season and one whose little lesson still lingers with us and will continue to linger. Clayton Woerner, on behalf of the faculty and student body, offered felicitations to our Right Reverend Bishop on the occasion of his Patron's feast. His Lordship's presence added much to our enjoyment of the assembly.

GERALD WILSON.

M. Briggs T. Dwyer H. Rockwell R. Miller



E. O'Brien, H. Weiss, J. Hickey, D. Meyering, H. Rock, A. Culkin, E. Plant, T. Dwyer

The Class of 1928 Present "Tweedles"

Since the opening of our new building in nineteen twenty-five, the students of Aquinas Institute have distinguished themselves in dramatics. It was left to the class of '28 to introduce the production of a senior play.

"Tweedles," a comedy in three acts, was presented to record assemblies on the evenings of April twenty-third, twenty-fourth, and twenty-fifth. The audiences were loud in their praise of the young actors and departed with an evident feeling of satisfaction.

The seniors are grateful to our Reverend Principal for permission to put on the play and for the active interest he took in its success; to Mr. Schnitzer for his untiring efforts in training the actors and to the faculty and student body for their aid in staging the play and in the sale of tickets.

In years to come, we shall entertain happy reflections of those April evenings of '28 when we entertained very large and kindly appreciative audiences with our presentation of "Tweedles."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Mrs. Ricketts ..... Harold Weiss
Mrs. Albergone ..... Donald Meyering
Winsora ..... Edmund Plant, '30
Julian ..... Thomas Dwyer
Mr. Castlebury ..... John Hickey
Mrs. Castlebury ..... Walter Corcoran
Adam Tweedle ..... Harold Rock
Ambrose ..... Anthony Culkin
Philemon ..... Emmet O'Brien

ROBERT METZGER.

Nothing could close the dramatic section of our book more fittingly than an expression of appreciation on the part of the seniors for the work that has been done by Mr. Joseph M. Schnitzer. Mr. Schnitzer helped in every way possible to induce the seniors to present a play this year, and then he assured the play a successful run by directing it. He stopped at nothing to make the presentation everything it should be, to make it live up to the reputation that he has built for Aquinas in local dramatic circles. In taking leave of Mr. Schnitzer the class expresses its heartfelt sorrow for the forced parting, and wishes him the success he deserves in his future dramatic efforts.

THE MEMBERS OF AQUINAS ORCHESTRA
Insert—Mr. Frederick Melville, *Director*

Au Revoir

WHEN in the course of one's life, opportunity opens the door of success and bids the fortunate one to enter the abode of glorious heights, far be it from those who constitute the environment of that individual to impede his journey. On the contrary, it is with glad hearts and joyous feelings that they, who respect and admire the successful person, wish him the best of fortune in his new undertakings.

Aquinas always represents the highest peak of perfection in the lines of athletic activities. For the past few years this institution has blazed the name Rochester from coast to coast. Its record is one that many schools would be proud to possess.

This scholastic season opened minus an individual who has been one of the most important factors in the success of the Fighting Irish. When Mr. McCarthy signed a contract which severed his relations with this school, he left an institution of glad and sorrowful youths. Sorrowful, because they were reluctant, not to lose a friend, but to part with him. Glad, because they believed his rise was a just and merited one.

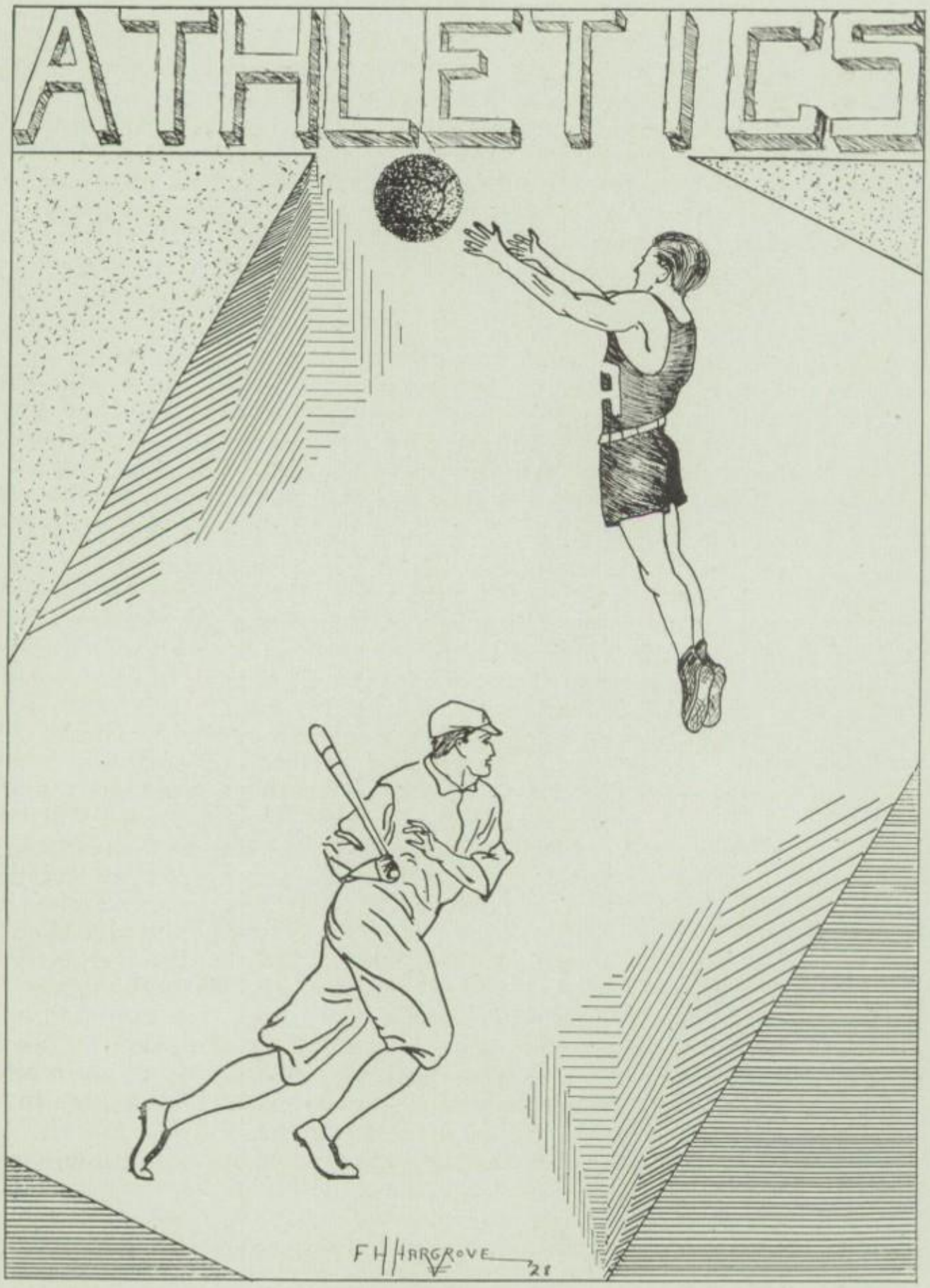
"Mac," as he is known to all, first began to reap glory and prominence for Aquinas and himself when his team established a world's record in the First National Catholic Tournament in Chicago. From then on it was a matter of how many records he and his entourage would amass. In the season '24-'25, his team captured third place in the National Tournament besides having one player picked for the mythical tourney five and one chosen as the most valuable player to participate in the tournament. One would imagine a warrior should be content to rest with these laurels, but not the indomitable "Mac." He reached the pinnacle of success when he guided the Maroon and White to second place honors in the National Tourney in Chicago in the year '25-'26. At the conclusion of the tournament "Mac" received the honor of having the finest coached team in the tournament besides having one of his players chosen for the mythical all-tourney five and the esteem of sport loving fans in the whole country.

Success had been achieved. He had done his part to place New York State, Rochester and Aquinas Institute on the map and on his triumphant return he was acclaimed with honors due to a hero.

His time, unknowingly, was drawing to a close but, knowingly, he gave all for the honor of those whom he loved.

As his work in the past has been above the standard, no doubt is entertained that he will acquit himself creditably in the new rank to which he has advanced by patience, determination, hard work and sportsmanship and it is with unbounded pleasure and expectation that we view the results of his work in the Niagara institution.

GORDON FARRELL.


ATHLETICS
F H HARGROVE '28

Bienvenu

"At the close of school last June we were obliged to part with an individual who was one of the outstanding figures in the sport annals of Aquinas Institute. When Mr. McCarthy severed his relations with our institution, he left a position which was hard indeed to fill. The selecting of a person to guide the destiny of our school in athletics was a matter which required a great amount of consideration. However, we are happy to announce that before school opened we were fortunate to obtain the signature of a young man to take the place of Mr. McCarthy, a young man who is well versed in Aquinas ways."

With these few words, the Reverend Father Byrne officially presented Mr. Mortimer Leary to the Aquinas student body as director of athletics at the Irish school. The presentation occurred on the day of the basketball rally which opens our season each year. In a few words, "Mort," as he is known to the student body, introduced himself and instantly won the respect and confidence of all. He expressed an ardent hope that he would be able to keep Aquinas at the head of the list as it had been in the past and said that he would work ceaselessly toward this end.

The record which this young man brought with him is one that anyone could be envious of. "Mort" is an alumnus of the old Frank Street institution, being a member of the class of '23. While there, besides maintaining a high scholastic average, he was a member of numerous athletic teams, under Coach McCarthy, whom he has succeeded. In his last year at Aquinas, he was captain of both the basketball and baseball teams, a singular honor in itself. He was pilot of the five which established a world's record at Chicago. He finished his career in a blaze of glory by pitching his team to a decisive victory over the strong Christian Brothers Academy team of Syracuse. After leaving Aquinas, "Mort" entered Villanova, where he continued his wonderful work. Besides being connected with several school activities, he was a member of both the basketball and baseball squads, shining particularly on the court. He was also staff artist at the Catholic college. After two years at college, he accepted a position on the staff of the Buffalo Courier. It was this position which "Mort" vacated when he signed the contract which made him director of athletics at his "Alma Mater."

We cannot but admire and marvel at the work of this young man. His triumphant rise has not been easy, but his work has been brilliant and consistent. In wishing him the best of luck in his new enterprise, we can glance at the record of his past achievement and, if it is an indication of what the future holds, we can feel amply satisfied.

GORDON FARRELL.

The Maroon and White

1. The Fighting Irish
2. The "A" Club.
3. The Baseball Team.
4. The Maroon Hockey Club.

In submitting our report of the upholders of the Maroon and White, we would stress that their important characteristic, that which has been displayed and respected by all Aquinas students, is true sportsmanship.

Coach Leary's First Season a Success; Maroon and White Undergo Toughest Schedule in School's History

The 1927-1928 basketball season was marked by the appearance of a new coach, Mort Leary. It would be hard to describe the difficult tangle which our "old grad" had taken on with the determination to handle it in a successful manner. Our Manager, Howard Miller, had bracketed the Maroon and White against the cream of basketball quints and any one who reflects on the calibre of such teams as those of: Christian Brothers' Academy, Fosdick-Masten, Oswego High, Cleveland Latin High, Niagara Frosh, Manlius and Cook Academy realizes that defeat at such hands was no disgrace.

In facing this schedule, our young mentor had to work with almost an entirely new club built around our one veteran, Scotty McMillen, as a nucleus.

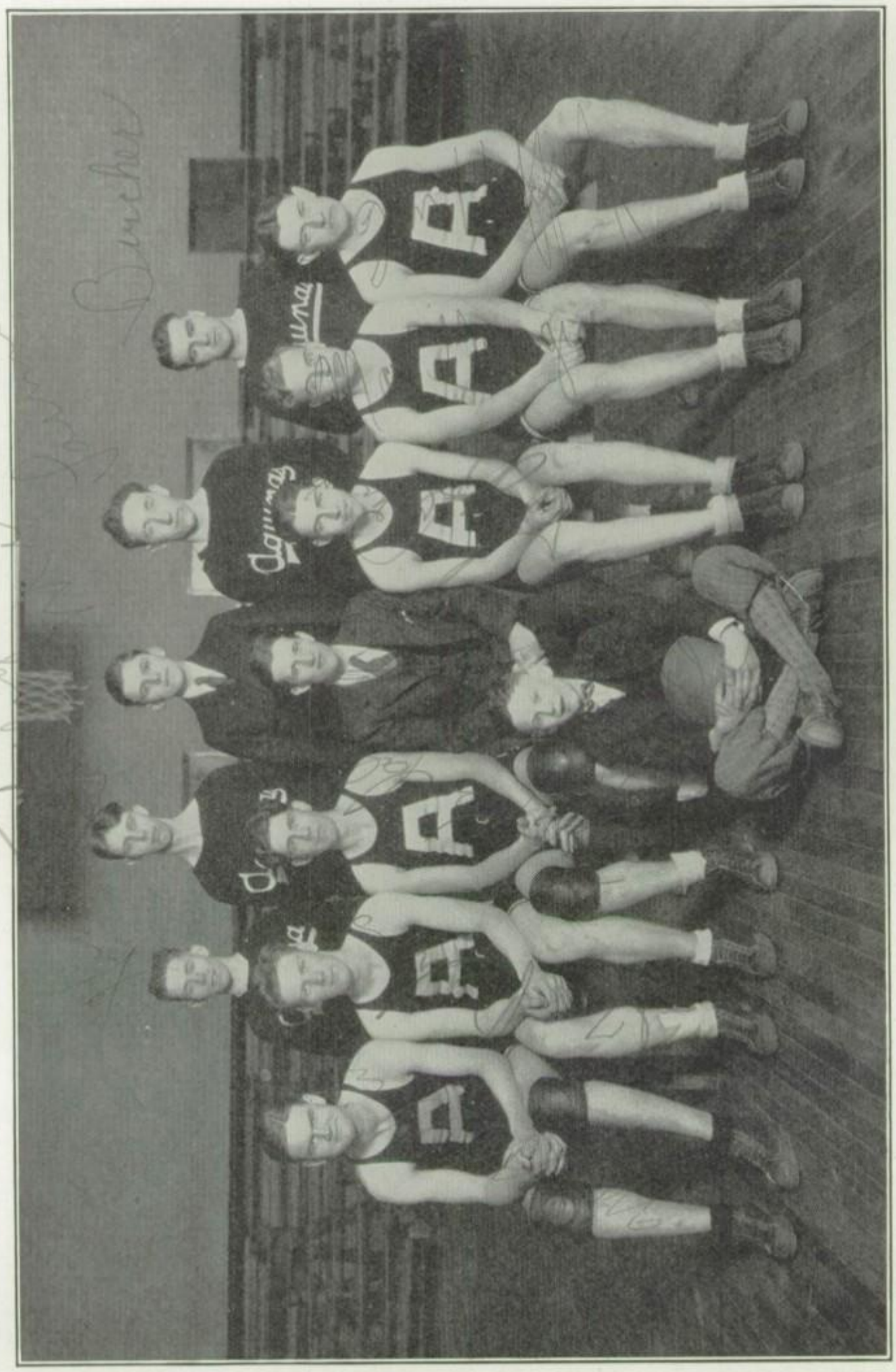
Early Games

After many try-outs and much deliberation, Coach Leary finally selected the personnel of the team and, on November 18, the basketball season was ushered in when as hosts Aquinas faced the Newark High aggregation. The visitors were out for a win, but Aquinas scored its first victory 26—8 and Rochester basketball fans went home firmly convinced of the ability of Leary and his quint. This game was followed by victories over the Alumni, Painted Post, and Corning. We suffered the first defeat when we met Niagara Frosh. Our boys held the advantage over their older rivals until within four minutes of the close, when Bill McCarthy's charges staged a desperate rally which secured them a victory; the early season games were at an end and the team had worked into a winning combination which was soon to be put to the test against the "crack" teams on their schedule.

After victories over Greigsville and Painted Post, once more Aquinas bowed to defeat at Oswego. It looked as if fortune were about to change cities but in a last minute spurt Aquinas lost. The following week the team completely swamped St. Mary's by a 38-15 count. In the Masten Park and Assumption games a few lucky shots during the final moments gave our opponents two and three point wins respectively.

The Victory over C. B. A.

With the renewal of relations between C. B. A. and Aquinas, added enthusiasm seized both team and student body. According to rumor, the Syracuse team was enjoying a successful season. The



"The Fighting Irish"

team was made up of practically all underclassmen who were declared to be stars of the first magnitude. Brimming with confidence, Coach Kearney and his club arrived, prepared to trounce the wearers of the Maroon and White. The game is history, now. With a few minutes to play, Haragadan of Syracuse tied the score and it was only at the close of the last of four extra periods, that Tommy Burns carved his name in indelible letters on the Aquinas roll of basketball stars by letting loose the ball from the center of the floor which zipped through and sent our rivals home on the short end of a 19-17 score. The Irish had upset the dope and, with characteristic grit, had copped the decision which turned Rochester over to the jubilant students, who paraded the streets in triumphant glee for no short space of time.

In the wake of this victory, St. Joe's, Latin High, Oswego and Assumption fell before our triumphant march. All of these were clubs of no mean ability. St. Joe's had won ten out of eleven starts before meeting us. Cleveland Latin came here with a victory over East High, Cleveland Public School Champions. Assumption suffered their first loss on their home court when they lost to the Irish. Oswego had won sixteen straight before we stopped them and included in their list of victories C. B. A. and Central High, Public School State Champions. Aquinas simply rode dryshod over them all, seemingly to work up an appetite for the coming C. B. A. tussle. At Utica, the team played minus their captain and the loss of McMillen was thought to be a bad blow to our hopes. However, the team staged a whirlwind attack and the score 23-5 tells the tale. We were now ready for C. B. A. on their home court and for the first time in a number of years we were going into the game with an even chance. A number of students journeyed to Syracuse very confident and returned a bit sorrowful. They were just too good for us. Our consolation was the manifestation of the splendid school spirit rendered by the Rochester contingent. which completely put to shame Syracuse's supporters. In ringing down the curtain on our basketball year, Aquinas endeavored to bring some high class opposition here with the result that we found ourselves bracketed against two of the best teams of the entire state and teams that were claiming the championship of the Eastern United States. Both Manlius and Cook Academy brought outfits here that were good, very good, but the Maroon threw a scare into both teams and the visiting contingents were mighty glad to escape by margins of a very few points.

Four members of the Fighting Irish wrote finis to their basketball playing at the Dewey Avenue school and all topped it off by displaying brilliant basketball in their last games. Burns, Haffey, Kendall and McMillen will graduate in June and will not grace the basketball court in high school circles any more. Much praise is due to our captain for the brand of basketball he has shown throughout the season and his hard fighting has been the shining light in all the games in which he participated. Playing from a guard and center position, "Scotty" totaled over one hundred points this year while continually out-playing his opponent.

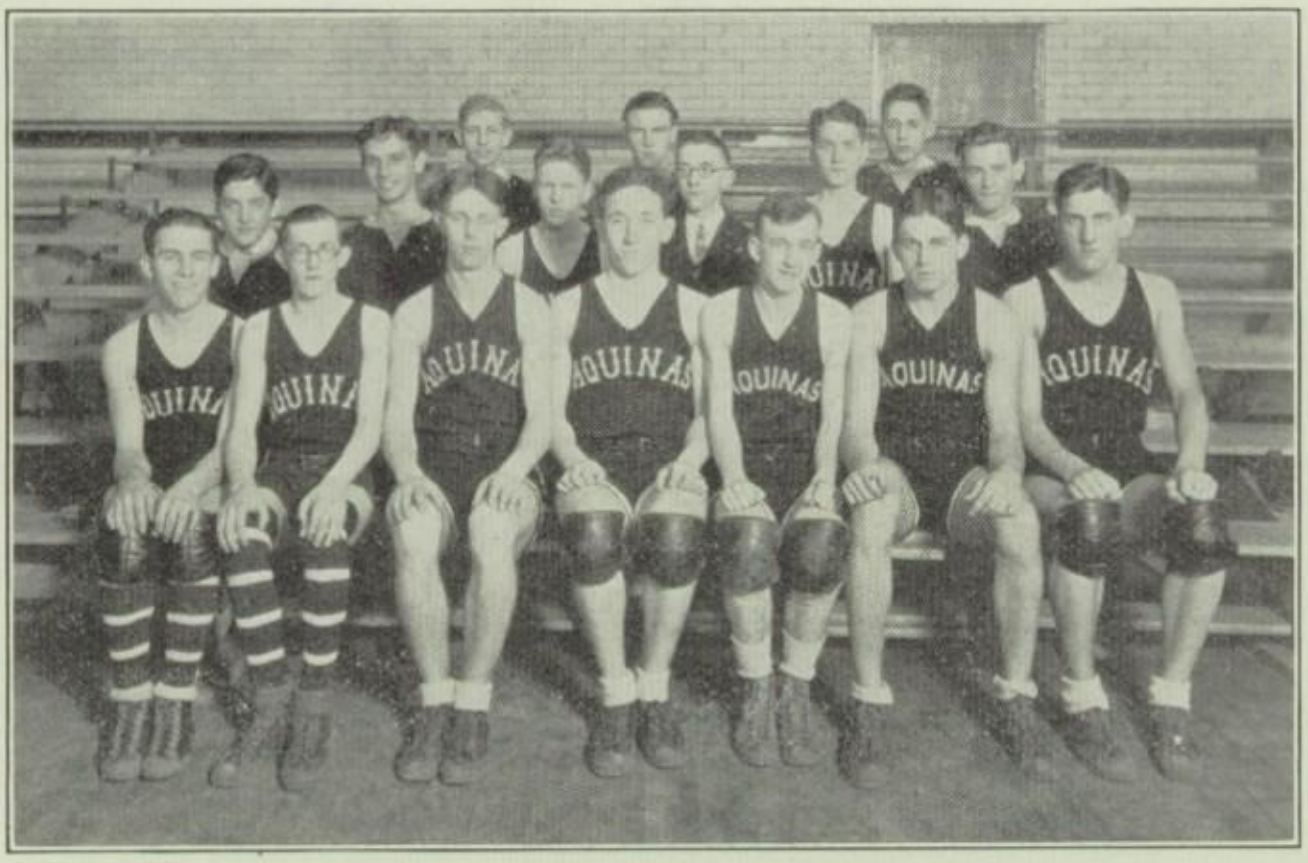
Throughout the season the team played in a convincing fashion and from a green outfit a remarkable team was formed. Playing together in unison, working hard on plays and unselfishly giving their all, the boys worked together in harmony and spirit. The best of relations existed between all members of the outfit and their mentor, "Mort" Leary, and when we gaze at the results of their work we cannot but extend our heartiest congratulations to those who have carried on for Aquinas.

Team Record Season 1927-28

Aquinas	26—Newark	8	Aquinas	19—Fosdick Masten	21
Aquinas	44—Alumni	36	Aquinas	17—Assumpt'n Acdy.	20
Aquinas	35—Victor	8	Aquinas	19—C. B. A.	17
Aquinas	36—Painted Post	8	Aquinas	20—St. Joseph's	12
Aquinas	11—Corning Fr. Acy.	9	Aquinas	27—Cleveland Latin	17
Aquinas	23—Niagara Frosh	27	Aquinas	20—Oswego	12
Aquinas	45—Gregsville	20	Aquinas	23—Assumpt'n Acdy.	5
Aquinas	29—Painted Post	19	Aquinas	7—C. B. A.	14
Aquinas	13—Oswego	26	Aquinas	19—Manlius	25
Aquinas	38—St. Mary's	15	Aquinas	17—Cook Academy	22

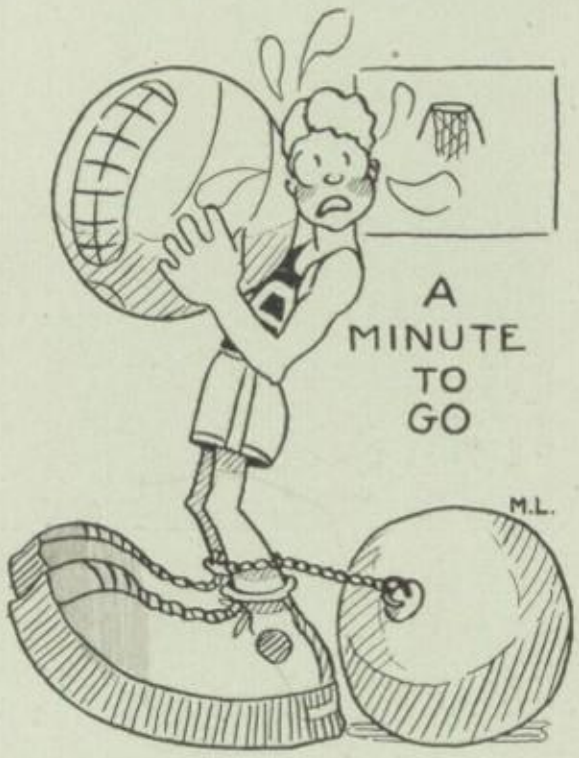
Individual Records

Name	Position	Games	Goals	Fouls	Total
John McMillen	G.-C.	19	48	12	102
Thomas Burns	G.	20	38	13	89
Harold Kendall	F.	19	34	19	87
Martin Gagie	G.-F.	19	24	15	61
Lawrence Burke	F.	20	25	7	57
Barnard Hanna	F.	14	15	4	34
James Haffey	C.	16	13	2	28
August Pellino	G.	5	6	0	12
Clarence Bircher	G.	10	3	2	8
Clayton Gallagher	C.-F.	7	1	1	3
John Hickey	C.	4	1	0	2
William Jones	G.	8	0	0	0
Harold Dennis	C.	3	0	0	0
Edison DeLeo	C.	2	0	0	0
James Welch	F.	1	0	0	0



RESERVE TEAM ENJOYS GOOD SEASON

Despite the numerous obstacles placed before the reserve team, the squad enjoyed a fairly successful season. Ineligibility rules and invasions by the first team hindered them considerably at the start with the result that team work and practice were sacrificed. Soon however, the arrival of reinforcements greatly aided the team, and from then on it performed in convincing fashion. Important victories were registered over such teams as the Dolan A. C., Campions, Shamrocks, Celtics, Aljos and Camera Works Reserves. Larmer and Hickey, accompanied by Jones, stood out by their brilliant playing both on the offense and the defense. The latter two players, Hickey and Jones, due to an influx in first team material, joined the reserves in time to change the scene and start registering victories. Larmer was high scorer with sixty-six points while Hickey and Jones were right behind with forty-seven and thirty-nine respectively.



Reserves	24	Shamrocks	14	14 Celtics	19
	40	Hodoos	8	16 Edgerton Park	11
	12	Salem Church	23	15 Alpines	17
	16	Aljos	1	13 Aljos	18
	25	Richmonds	16	21 St. Andrew's Sem'y.	13
	21	Camera Wks. Res.	10	72 Dolan A. C.	12
	25	Iroquois	4	13 Salem Church	5

Individual Records

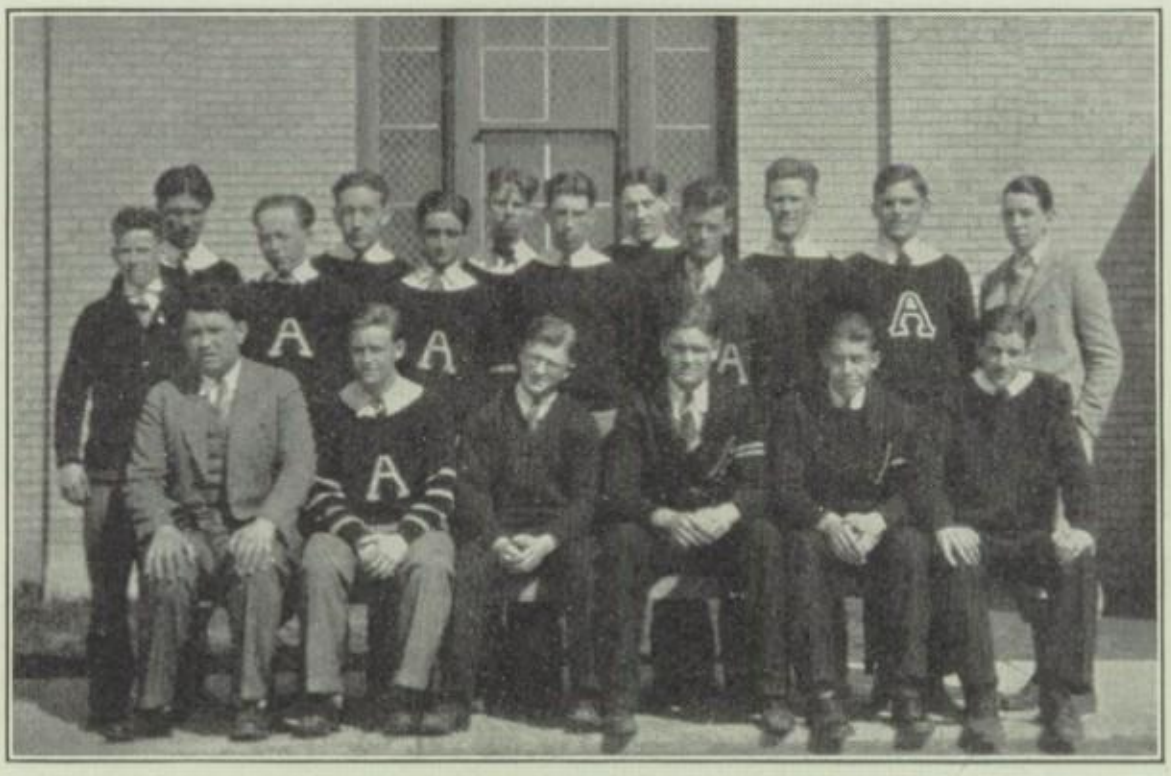
Name	Position	Goals	Fouls	Total
Larmer	F.	29	8	66
Hickey	C.	22	3	47
Jones	G.	19	1	39
Reynell	F.-G.	14	3	31
Gallagher	F.	12	4	28
O'Donnell	G.	7	1	15
Hynes	G.-F.	6	0	12
Farrell	F.-G.	3	5	11
DeLeo	F.	4	1	9
Burke	F.	4	0	8
Dennis	G.-C.	3	1	7
Welch	F.	1	2	4

Our Cheerleaders
L. Dietz E. Massuci

Our Cheerleaders

One of the greatest individual factors in the success of our athletic teams this year has been the sterling work of our three cheerleaders. Space permits but a short resume of the work of head cheerleader, Lewis Deitz, and his able assistants, Henry McLaughlin and Ermine Masucci. Out of choatic and riotous outbursts our producers of organized noise have always succeeded in developing harmony. Who of us will forget that memorable game at Syracuse, when the efforts of our cheerleaders resulted in the production of noise enough to put the Syracuse supporters in a back seat? Much credit is given to "Louie" and his assistants for their unselfish work, and every member of the school owes them a vote of thanks.

To several members of the class of 1928 the school wishes to express its gratitude for the splendid co-operation they extended to the basketball team. The Arete joins with the team in extending thanks to Raymond Sommers and John Skelly, ticket sellers, and to John Rodman, Frank Miller, Gerard Delaire, and Carl Draxl, our efficient ushers.



Block "A" Club Proves Prominent Factor in School Activities

During the spring of 1927, through the co-operation of former athletic director Mr. William McCarthy, the students of the school who possessed enough athletic prowess to enable them to obtain the coveted first team "A", banded themselves together into an organization called the Block "A" club. In the beginning of its existence not much could be expected. Time was short; it was the first to be established in the city and its resolutions were vague and not too secure.

However, with the resumption of school in the fall of '27, the organization held a meeting, elected officers and started to assert itself in a noticeable way. The members adopted resolutions pertaining to their connections with all school activities, no matter of what nature they might be. They fostered each and every school activity as much as possible. Their spirit was infectious. During the basketball season they stirred up spirit among the students, imploring them to come out and support the team.

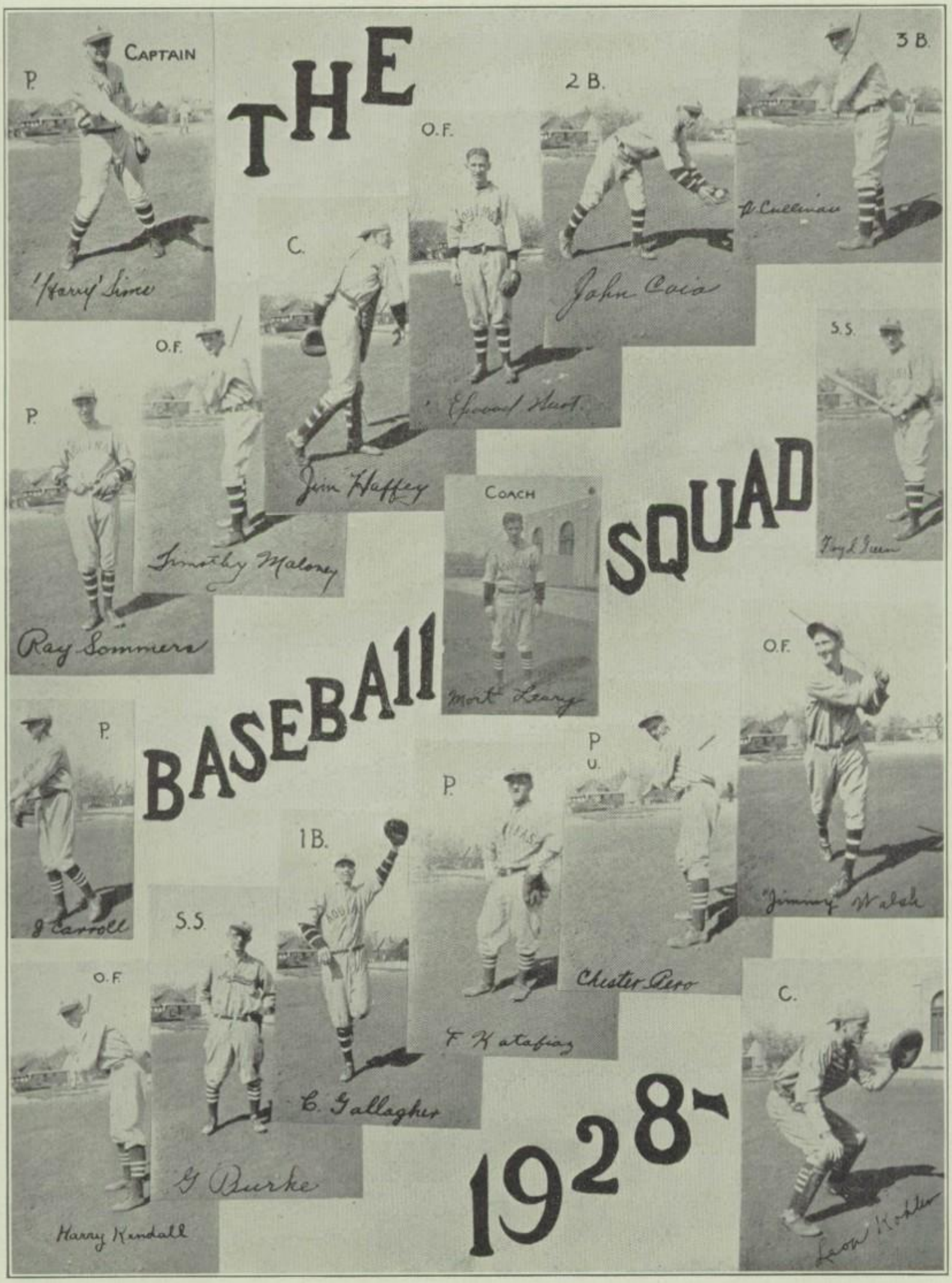
Perhaps the most praiseworthy activity which the club helped to promote was supervision of the drive by which were provided the crucifixes which now adorn the walls of our classrooms. By this act they manifested their true loyalty.

Recently, the club held an important meeting in which a testimonial was drawn up whereby the members, in acknowledgment of their appreciation and respect for the original founder of the club, decided to elect Mr. William McCarthy as honorary president of the club for life.

Maroon Downs Fairport In Opening Tilt

The wearers of the Maroon and White in their opening game of the season traveled and returned after decisively inflicting a 6-4 defeat on the town team. Despite the fact that it was the opening game for the Irish, a flashy brand of ball-playing was displayed. The team manifested a strong hitting combination and their work in the field sparkled with fine plays and stops. Ray Sommers, veteran right-hander, started in the box for Leary's nine, due to the absence of Captain Sims, who was ill at home. Ray was in perfect form and for the first six innings did not allow a hit. However, the strain told and he was removed in the seventh inning when Fairport gleaned all her runs. Carroll, a rookie on the squad, saved the day by entering the box and retiring the side with bags loaded.

The squad is built around Captain Sims, Sommers, Coia, Gallagher and Maloney, all veterans. In the outfield, Leary has Walsh, Maloney, Hart and Kendall, while in the infield Gallagher guards first with Coia at second, Burke and Green at short and Cullinan at third. Jim Haffey and Kohler seem capable of gathering in the slants of the pitchers, who number five: Sims, Sommers, Pero, Carroll and Katafiaz. As the Arete goes to press, it extends to the team the best of wishes for a successful season, hoping they will continue the good work started in Fairport.


THE
BASEBALL
SQUAD
1928
CAPTAIN
P.
'Harry' Sime
O.F.
2 B.
John Coia
3 B.
C.
Jim Haffey
O.F.
P.
Timothy Maloney
Ray Sommers
S.S.
COACH
Mort Leary
O.F.
P.
J Carroll
P.
P.
U.
Chester Pero
1B.
S.S.
O.F.
C. Gallagher
F. Katafias
G Burke
Harry Kendall
C.
Leon Kohler

Maroon Hockey Club Enjoys Successful Season

During the Christmas vacation of the year 1925, Raymond, "Red", Margrett, while indulging in his favorite pastime on the skating rink, suddenly decided that it would be a wonderful occasion if he would be able to introduce hockey into the school as an official athletic organization. This decision happened to settle on fertile ground, and shortly after the recess a notice summoning all those who desired to play hockey to meet and form an organization was posted on the bulletin board. This resulted in an amateur team being formed, "Red" being elected captain and the name "Maroons" being adopted. Thus began in material form Raymond's dream. That year and also the following one the club enjoyed mediocre success. Their chief virtue seemed to be patience. Little or no attention was rendered by school authorities despite the fact that the Maroon and White was not being dragged and scoffed at when on the ice.

However, when the sun began to throw glistening rays over frozen water and skates began to ring over the ice, "Red", now in his last year, made a final attempt for recognition. Gathering together William Young, Ermine Masucci, Donald Woods, Richard Murphy, Harold Maid, Harold Rock, Arthur Schwartz, Gerald Wilson and Anthony Culkin, he banded them into a formidable organization led by himself and coached by a former hockey star, Mr. O'Connell of the faculty. They soon proved their worth when they began to stack up against opposition of strong calibre. After the first few games, an added interest was evinced among the students and even officials of the institution began to take notice. The sextet encountered more teams during the course of the season and when the players discarded their paraphernalia it was with an inner satisfaction of pride and joy. The season had been a complete success. They played seven games, winning five, losing one and tying one. The most important victories of the season were wins registered over representatives of West High, East High, and New York State Highways. Their only loss came when after leading the Country Club six up to the last few minutes, the club team spurted and swept through to a victory in an extra period game, 6-5. It was a case of the best team leaving the ice triumphant.

In glancing at the spectacular playing of the flashy "Redhead," one can easily see why his teammates elected him captain for the third successive year. He is not given to individual playing but is characteristic for his hard work and brainy surmising. On the whole, the team presented a strong defense and when occasion demanded their offensive playing was thrilling to watch. In leaving these walls "Red" will be glad to know that his efforts have not been in vain and that, mainly through his interest and unceasing zeal, we hope to establish ice-hockey as an official organization in our category. We feel that this promise of a new enterprise will be a fitting reward, although small in comparison to the work he expended for his "Alma Mater."

In glancing at their record, we find the team scoring divided among "Harry" Maid, one point; "Don" Woods, one point; "Bill" Young, seven points; "Red" Margrett, twelve points.

TEAM RECORD 1928

Jan.	29	Maroons	4—West High	2
Jan.	31	"	2—East High Midgets	0
Feb.	6	"	2—East High Midgets	2
Feb.	11	"	3—New York Highways	1
Feb.	22	"	2—Wilcats	0
Feb.	26	"	3—Wildcats	2
Feb.	27	"	5—Roch. Country Club	6

GORDON FARRELL.

Projects in Progress

After three years of persistent work, Aquinas Institute has become "set" in its new location. It is gradually building up a scholastic record which will be second to none. It has developed a name in sport circles that will always be remembered. Aquinas is now turning its attention to equipping the grounds and building with a view of pleasing the athletic and aesthetic tastes of the students. While the gymnasium is well fitted out, the outdoor sports have been neglected. At the beginning of this year, Father Byrne announced, to the joy of the students, that work would be soon started on the baseball field, and that tennis courts would be erected. This is as far as the work has progressed. There are still many fields of sport to be developed. A track about the baseball diamond would interest many students. The space north of the school could easily be converted into a hockey rink.

However, the most pressing work to be done in this line is the completion of the swimming pool. About nine-tenths of the students are interested in swimming, and so this pool would be well patronized. Let us hope that future Aquinas classes will enjoy these privileges.

FRANK A. MILLER.

The History of the Junior Class

OUR freshman year is ended! Ten fleeting months ago, to peer ahead and try to see the completion of this school year of 1926 seemed almost an impossibility; but now, as we look back on the past term, is it not true, that each one of us solemnly scratches his head and wonders where in the world those ten months have fled? It hardly seems more than a few weeks ago that we entered the doors of Aquinas as the first four year class "to grace" the new building. Feeling, and no doubt acting, like royal lords of the highest rank, we were directed to the unfinished gymnasium where many well intended, but soon forgotten words were spoken to us by the heads of the various departments. Because of the uncompleted condition of the building regular classes were slow in starting; but when they did start, there was never a more surpised or bewildered group of grammar school graduates than the class of '29. Our balloon was pierced! Some of us had been expecting a life of pure bliss with plenty of fun, study once in a while and possibly an occasional reprimand from our dear professors, whom we had been told would teach us. But, gracious reader, our balloon was pierced; we sank; we studied; we were reprimanded, not by dear old professors, as we had pictured them, but by pedigreed descendants of the dread pedagogue of Sleepy Hollow.

For the first few months, the professors, or teachers, as we soon learned to call them, divided their time in trying to exact the assigned lessons from unwilling students, in finding out why the said students did not know their assigned lessons, and in administering advice or punishment, according to the mood of the said teachers. The advice, in sense, usually consisted of Virgil's words, "Stubborn labor conquers everything," while the punishment took the form of a trip to the jug. For the benefit of any unfamiliar readers it may be wise to state that this well known and equally well hated word, "jug," refers to a prison-like hall, in which students are unwillingly detained for the period of one hour after regular dismissal.

However, by the time the mid-year examinations had come and gone, with their joys and sorrows, we were a changed group of freshmen. We applied ourselves to our studies, to the delight of our teachers, if not willingly, at least wisely. But there was one thing that we were never able to master—the art of explaining to unsympathetic parents, the fifties and sixty-fives on the report card. Many of us are convinced that this is a Lost Art, never to be refound.

Following the mid-year examinations, the basket-ball season, which had opened in November, was in full swing, and some real games did that season bring us. We cheered as loudly as the upperclassmen at the splendid record hung up by the Aquinas team at Chicago. The annual play also was a marked success in many

Class of 1929

ways. Baseball, too, had its share in making our freshman year endurable. Indeed, all things considered, we were not having a disagreeable time at all.

And then the final examinations. Huge and disheartening they appeared to our lacking intellects. There was not one of us who would not have given his kingdom to escape them, but yet they came. And now we have battled them, and, as Perry once said on Lake Erie, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," so we say now, "We have met the exams and we are Sophomores."

But let us leave these freshman hours and look back, before some filmy curtain falls to sever the vivid pictures of happy sophomore days from our memory. We, the freshmen of last year, now have a feeling of great superiority, intellectually and otherwise, that was not ours last year. We are able now to enjoy the ludicrous pranks of the freshmen, and (heathenlike), to scoff at their mistakes. But, freshmen, it is all in life. You had to take what we gave you, whether you liked it or not. We were scoffed at once ourselves, and so, during the past few months, we felt justified in taunting you. Every dog has his day—said Benjamin Franklin or was it Aristotle?

Last September, we entered the school a very much wiser group of schoolboys than we were the year before. This time we were not so foolish as to believe that we were the only things of importance in Aquinas Institute; we had learned what to expect in regard to teachers and were prepared to act accordingly. As a result of this, affairs went on much more smoothly than they had at the beginning of the previous year. We took the periodical examinations, if not what some would call gracefully, at least with more resignation and calmness, than any we took in the freshman period. Another thing, which we believe to be an improvement over those early days, is that our names were always evident on the honor roll. Since these honor rolls have been published, some of us have taken great pride in seeing our names in the newspapers. Besides studies, we were well represented in various other fields, such as oratory, drama, and sport. But, we believe, that the greatest of all our achievements this year is that we have made the teachers treat us, not as if we were a group of girls, but as real men, who have something to say in this world—do we imagine it? Perhaps this balloon will also burst if we blow too hard.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that in September we shall be Juniors, since most of us have conquered the Caesars and other worries of the second year. Another remaining fact is that two more years and—the goal, Graduation.

Now, let us again consider one more year in the treadmill of time as past. We knew that this year was coming, we lived with it as long as it stayed with us, and now it is about to disappear. As it fades from our mental view, it also takes with it the coveted title of Juniors which we have cherished during the last school term. We are now about to enter on our home stretch and become Seniors. We have quit the pranks and frolics of freshmen and sophomores and are striving to attain our goal, which we are now able to see

in the hazy distance. The full realization of the honor in being the first four-year class of the new Aquinas to graduate, is now beginning to dawn upon us. We realized that we were favored in this, while in the first and second years, but not until now did we appreciate the meaning it conveyed.

Thus far, most of us have enjoyed the Junior year in a right and proper manner. The subjects reserved for this third term, we have found to be both interesting and practical. Another very weighty reason for our enjoyment is that we hold a different opinion of the pedigreed pedagogues of our freshman year; we realize that our idea, that, "Two nights in the jug for you!" is not the sole reason for teachers being employed to instruct the young. We are also glad that teachers do not insist on being called "Professors," for in our pre-freshman days, this was a great source of worry to our timid minds.

So with new enthusiasm and zest, we pray, work and hope for the white diploma and wonder how many more will have dropped from our original ranks by 1929.

CHARLES J. KUNZ, '29.

☼ ☼ ☼

A Laugh

A laugh, to me, is the spirit force
  That keeps the life lamp burning;
The bright day it makes still more bright,
  It's a beam in the dark mind's churning.

The hearty roar of the country squire,
  Which shakes the town hall's rafter;
The bubbling gurgle of the cradled babe,
  Are different forms of laughter.

There's the distinctive giggle of the suffragette
  As she laughs at almost nothing;
There's another laugh that's just called pleasant,—
  The perfect way of laughing.

'Tis sad that there are some harsh sounds,
  Which mock or jeer or banter;
'Tis sadder still, that we call such sounds
  By that rippling name of laughter.

CHARLES KUNZ, '29.

☼ ☼ ☼

It is well to know that life is beauty;
But do not forget that life is duty.

It Can Be Done

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done" and you'll do it.

EDGAR GUEST.

☼ ☼ ☼

After a work has been done, every one is ready to pronounce it easy; but before it has been done, those same individuals term it impossible. One of the shortcomings of mankind is to shrink from whatever popular opinion styles impossible.

The chief reason why people dread to embark upon great enterprises is that they view all the difficulties attendant upon such undertakings at once. They realize that, at least in the initial steps, they are destined for success; but the final outcome is so uncertain. Did they ever bear in mind that "Well begun, is half done," and that "Perseverance spells success," how much of this unfounded fear would vanish!

The surmounting of the first barrier gives strength and courage for the more difficult ones to come. Mountains, from a distance, appear unscalable. But they can be climbed, and the one way to begin is to take a step upward. From that initial step the mountain begins to lose in height. As Hannibal led his army across the foothills, among the upper ranges and finally over the lofty crests and through the passes of the Alps; or as Columbus forced his almost mutinous crew to "Sail on, and on, and on!", so can we achieve any purpose if we heed not the fearful, meet each problem as it arises, and manfully strive to the end. "IT CAN BE DONE."

ANTHONY KNITTEL, '29.

☼ ☼ ☼

Coo-coo Cracks

She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my candy and my books,
She took that lustrous wrap of fur,
She took the hat I bought for her,
She took my words of love and care,
She took my flowers, rich and rare,
She took my kisses—maid so shy,
She took, I must confess, my eye,
She took whatever I would buy,
And then—
She took another guy.

THE CUB.

And Lo!

OUT from a dark side street into the brilliantly lighted main street slouched the man. On his grim visage were the signs of defeat, the discouraged look of one who is cornered by the stern realities of life. He seemed frightened by the gay aspect of the thoroughfare and his slouch developed into a hurried pace; however, he stopped in front of an ornate theater entrance, and suddenly, as if to escape the swirling rush of the street, he hastened into the modern cinema palace.

Once in his seat, the man sat in that same beaten posture that so characterized his actions. His gaze turned to the screen, with a sardonic expression now masking his emotions, but this aspect was quickly supplanted by one of mixed amazement and credulity. That character, sad and gentle of countenance, who was he? Why—Jesus of Nazareth!

All around the audience sat hushed, while an air of reverence prevailed throughout the theater like some supernatural spell. The picture was an epic of the screen—portraying the world's supreme tragedy—and the scenes were enacted with Biblical exactness. Indeed the actors had sensed something of Divine spirit and the result was evident in its reception by the assemblage.

The man's face was trembling with varying emotions. A subtitle—"My kingdom is not of this earth"—flashed on the screen and then a gleam of reflection beamed in the man's eyes. Perhaps he was wrong. Still the hum of the projector resounded and the pulsating rhythm of the orchestra and the celluloid tale was unraveled. When at last the words—"Lo! I am with you till the end of the world"—had followed, the man appeared transformed. With a straight and determined bearing, distinctly suggestive of peace, he made his way to the street.

Unconsciously, for he was yet in an ectasy of contrition, the man, in an effort to cross the thoroughfare, stepped from the curb into the street. Suddenly there was a grinding of brakes, a cry of horror from some onlooker, and the man lay crumpled in a pool of blood.

The man had been defeated by the modern world, saved by a modern presentation of a story centuries old, and it was fitting that his epitaph should be written in modern style. And it appeared in the morning paper under an inconspicuous "lead:"

> "New York, Nov. 2—Another suicide was added to the city's rapidly increasing record when a man hurled himself in the path of an automobile at a late hour last evening. The police report the finding of a suicide note in the man's pocket. No clues as to the man's identification could be found, and his body was removed to the morgue."

ANTHONY LANG, '29.

History of the Sophomore Class

READERS of this volume, turn not this page until you have read every word inscribed thereon; for, however loathe we may be to sing our own praises (and modesty is our chief virtue), we have been prevailed upon to record our deeds that Freshmen and others may profit by our example.

To most of you no dobut the razing of a mountain and the attempting to fill a valley with the material thus obtained seems Utopian—the dream of a visionary. And yet we have progressed beyond this stage. Upon finding that our valley was too deep to be filled by one mountain we attacked a second and even now that second is almost leveled. Close at hand we see another peak with a fourth lost in the hazy distance whose glory we propose to make our own.

This is the canyon of our mind, deep and empty when we came, replenished by the mountain of knowledge and truth and still deep and empty enough to accommodate those kings of the range, our Junior and Senior years.

So far we have been able to follow Caesar through the three parts of Gaul almost without crutches, but other subjects lie not so easy upon our fevered brows. If I ever said anything against algebra I retract it in favor of geometry, for its conglomeration of lines, curves and angles, although the mysteries contained therein are enough to give anyone a chronic headache. But aided by our brighter luminaries and with our learned teachers to guide us o'er the intricate paths, we shall make safe transit.

In almost all departments of athletics or social activities the Sophomores are well represented, and scholastic affairs suffer not from the time given to outside matters. We have athletes, authors, dramatists and business men, and the old heads may well watch their steps when this flood of talented humanity is loosed upon an all-suffering world.

But even while we are writing this, time and space bid us to make an end of this self-adulation. And truly we ourselves are impatient to lay down our pen which but records past deeds, and to take up our weapons to conquer new fields. The title of Junior looms before us; we would fain grasp it, but another hand is on it. However, the hand that grasps it now is slowly losing its hold and when at last the prize is ours, then shall we clothe ourselves with the dignity and grandeur of our ranks; then shall we set forth to explore and conquer fields and spheres that as yet are unknown to us.

HAROLD A. DENNIS, '30.

CLASS of 1930 –

The Trip to Syracuse and Back

On the 2d of March, Aquinas went to play Christian Brothers Academy at Syracuse. We managed to beat C. B. A., our traditional enemies, in the game at Rochester by a close score. Now we were eager to do what no Aquinas team had ever done,—beat C. B. A. on their own court.

A mixed collection of juniors, a few seniors and many sophomores, were gathered at the station of the Rochester and Syracuse Railroad on Court Street. We set out at 4 o'clock in two cars, a chair car and a coach. As the sophomores had most foresight they obtained the chair car. We rolled down Exchange Street and up Main Street. Two sirens furnished plenty of noise. The people on the street evidently thought that there had been a murder or a fire somewhere, to judge from the alarmed expressions on their faces as they turned to stare at us.

There was plenty of fun on the way down. We rattled and roared our way through the metropolises of East Rochester, Port Byron, Newark (not in New Jersey) and Clyde. The traffic policeman in East Rochester did not seem to appreciate the humor of the situation when an electric siren was started just in front of his face. In fact, he seemed quite peeved. (We didn't stop.)

About half past six we arrived in Syracuse. Coming to a stop in the park in the center of the city, we tumbled out and let the world know we were from Aquinas. In a mass formation on the curb we gave the school cheers, to the edification of the Syracuse police force. He (the other member was sick) stood on the corner, bewildered.

After a diligent search we found the biggest restaurant in the town. It was hidden behind a horse car. (Yes, they use horses as motive power in the more progressive districts.) The food was good, what there was of it. The proprietor remarked to his waiter, "Sam, you'll have to get another loaf of bread tonight."

At the armory we had almost as many rooters as the Brothers could bring out. Even the Syracuse newspapers favored Aquinas to win, due to its decisive victory over Oswego the preceding week. However, the Fates had decreed otherwise. Fighting to the end, the team went down to defeat. Somehow it seemed that the "breaks" were against us. We'd make a perfect shot and it would bounce off the rim. But excuses are not popular after a defeat. We were beaten. Perhaps next year will tell a different story.

On the way back we were much quieter. Keyed to a high pitch of hope by our successes, then thrown down in disappointment, we were tired out. It was a sleeply crowd that rolled into the Erie Station early Saturday morning. A blinding snowstorm was blowing and we quickly dispersed to home and beds.

EDWARD CALLAHAN, '30.

Class of 1930

CLASS

of 1931

CLASS

of 1931

The Story of the Freshman Class

IN September, 1927, a great event occurred in the history of the Aquinas Institute and in the lives of a large group of boys who will one day be known as the senior class of that renowned institution.

But three short months ago, we had, with just pride, received our grammar school diplomas and, to our young minds, this was no small achievement. Now we were about to begin a new work, to take one step further in education, one launch ahead on the road to success.

When we entered Aquinas, we expected to hear our advent heralded with acclaim but, alas, we discovered that freshmen are classified as insignificant creatures who try to make up in quantity what they lack in quality.

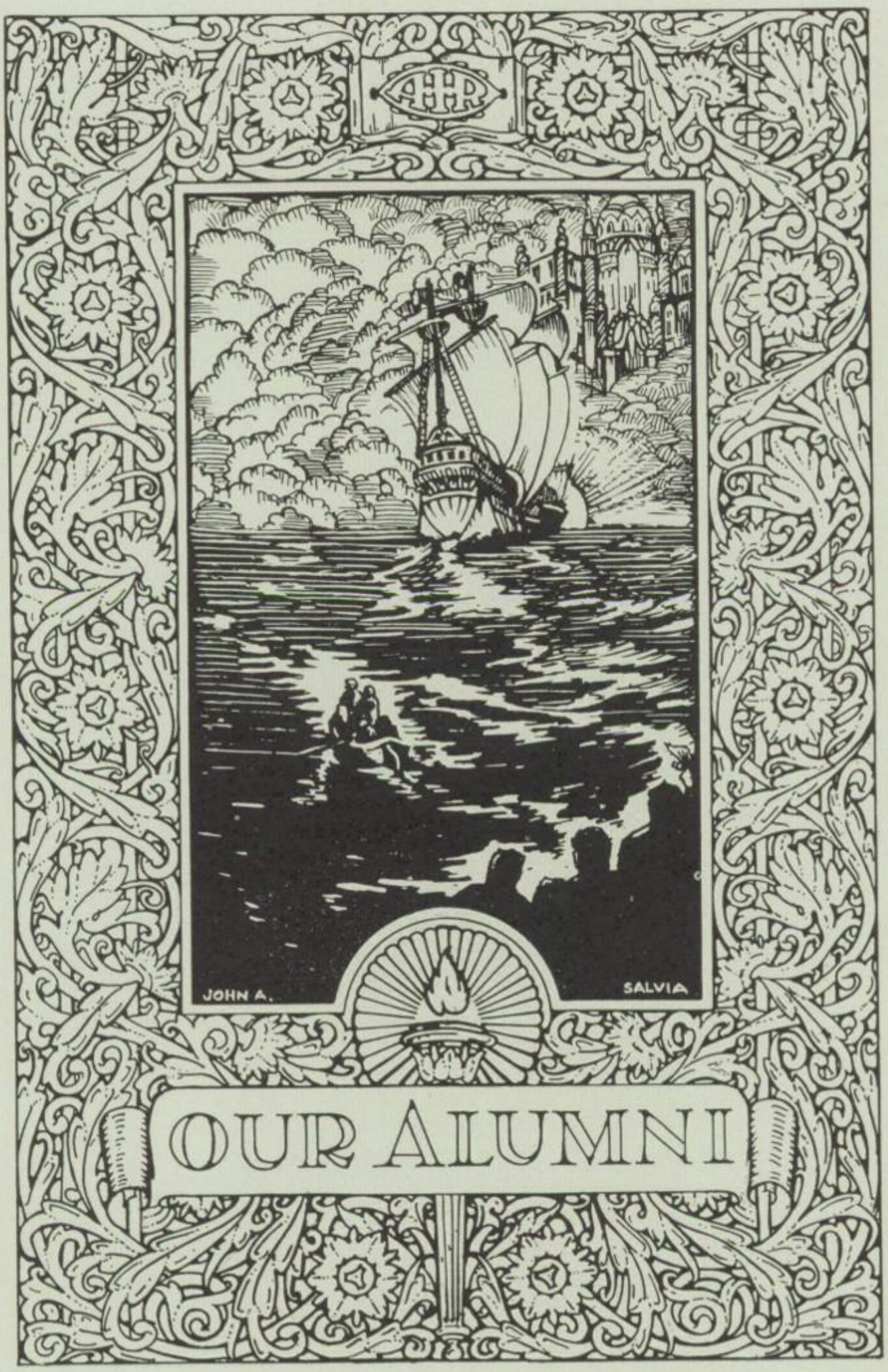
As time went on, some few of us grew to fear our teachers; while the great majority of us learned that in them we had found new and true friends. We envied the sophomores, who were rejoicing in their escape from the bondage in which we were now held; we sighed at the thought of the gulf which separated us from juniordom; and we gazed in unconcealed admiration upon those mighty lords, the seniors.

All such dreamings soon left us and we gradually became accustomed to our environment; our studies grew easier and more interesting; and we began to take a deep interest in all things which concerned our school. We supported the dramatic club by our sale of tickets for "Dulcy" and "Tweedles"; we gave assistance to athletics by our attendance at the games and by our cheering, which some might term "shrill shrieking"; we added a large number of names to the honor roll each month.

Now, as the end of our year of initiation approaches, we look back upon the fears we entertained about it and we realize that most of them were groundless. Some of our number, it is true, fell by the wayside; but they know now, when it is too late, that the fault lies with them. Had they heeded the kind warnings of their teachers, success would have been theirs.

In entering the port of sophomoredom, which is now opening to admit us, we all hope that calm seas and smooth sailing await us. The most difficult part of our high school journey is over. Onward, classmates, on the trip which has for its goal the juniors' haven!

MAURICE FARRELL '31.



OUR ALUMNI

"I knew him when—" can be truly said of the new President of Aquinas Institute, The Rev. Joseph E. Grady, by a greater number of alumni and former students, because, in his many years as a member of the faculty of the old school, he links up the days of the old Cathedral High School, and the Rochester Catholic High School with the present Aquinas. As spiritual director of the Alumni Association, he has made innumerable friends among those who at one time sat at his feet, and among those who left the school prior to his time. In addition to Father Grady's proved qualifications to head the school to which the heartstrings of all former Aquinas boys are tied, he has a deep understanding of the former "boys," now many to manhood grown and having boys of their own. His long association with the Alumni has made him one of us and we rejoice that he now sits in the "Prexy's" chair.

TOM O'CONNOR, '12.

A TRIO OF FUTURE
AQUINAS ROOTERS
(Sons of Tom O'Connor, '12)

When "Bill" McCarthy decided to cast his fortunes with Niagara University, there was much conjecture on the part of the Alumni as to his successor. The naming of "Mort" Leary to the post was well received in alumni circles, for here was one of our own fellow-graduates and a man who had proved in his career at Aquinas that he was a student of scholastic accomplishments as well as a born athlete. In the writer's opinion, Mort's greatest asset in athletic contests was his ability to "get into the team-work" and many a time he omitted an opportunity for personal glory for the good of the team. This he has inculcated into the teams he has been coaching. In regard to his first year's efforts, we might reecho what his predecessor, "Bill" McCarthy, said of him recently: "I think Mort has done a great piece of work up there and I'm squeezing for him."

WILLIAM LANG, '26.

In Memoriam

As the members of the Aquinas Alumni rejoice in the increase of its membership so do they mourn the loss of any of its number.

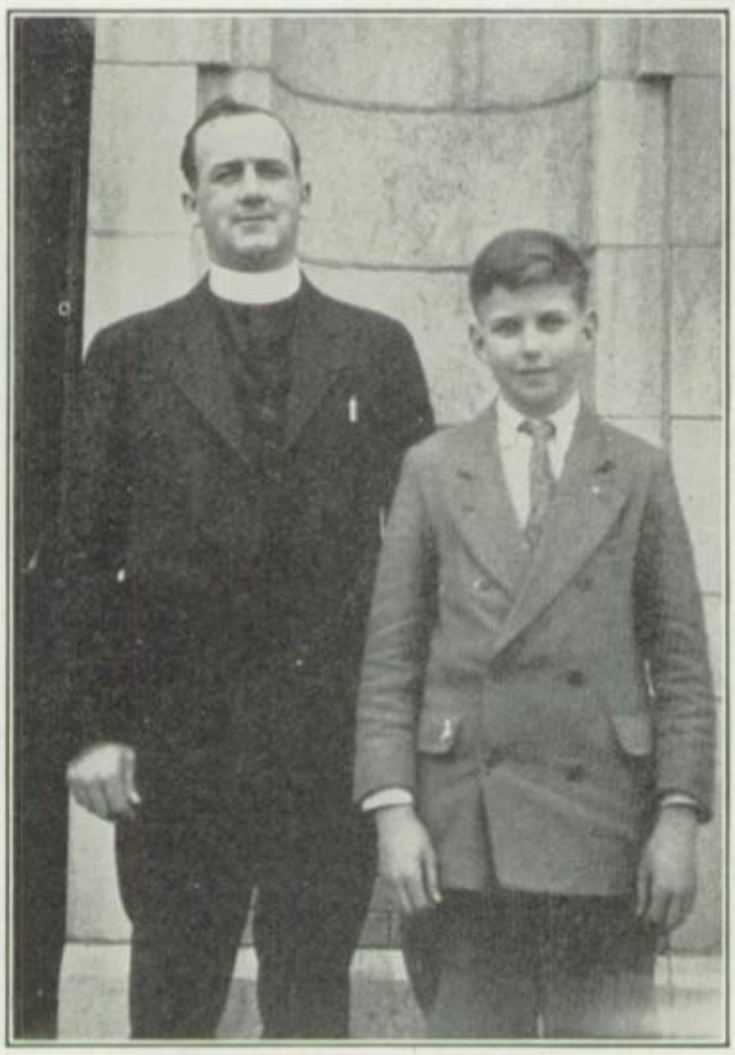
In attempting to rescue from drowning a member of the group with whom he had gone to spend the week end, John Burns of the class of '21 was drowned at Ivy Lea, Thousand Islands, on the morning of August twenty-second, nineteen hundred twenty-seven. Burns was in very truth a hero for he had reached his second year at the Albany Law School by dint of patient and earnest effort and, he who is willing to win an education by his own labor, is brave beyond dispute. In John's death the Alumni have lost an energetic member and Rochester has lost one who promised to be a lawyer of exceptional ability.

On April twelfth, nineteen hundred twenty-eight, Irving Rickard of the class of '25 was summoned to his eternal home. Young Rickard was in his third year of college and was rated as an honor student at Holy Cross College. His teachers and schoolmates at Aquinas are unsparing in their praise of this lad of exceptional character and deeply religious spirit and all regret his loss to our association.

To the sorrowing members of the families of John Burns and Irving Rickard, the Faculty and Alumni Association of Aquinas extend sincere sympathy.

GEORGE JENNINGS, '21.

Frenzied Finance



He sat on the stone step, his chin pushed into his cupped hands, his eyes bespeaking a puzzled mind, his whole appearance reflecting serious thought.

"Why so serious, Carl?"

"Good afternoon, Father Mooney. You are just the one I want to see. I have been reading 'Missions a Duty' and it seems to me, Father, that five cents a month is not very much help to the missions. I wish that I were a millionaire so that I could give a thousand dollars a month for such a holy cause."

"Well, Carl, if every catholic boy and girl of high school age would give five cents a month to the missions, it would mean a large sum of money for the missions."

Talking about Multi-Millionaires

Take an impossible case. Say that one of our multi-millionaires spends a million dollars to build up the missions in China and a hundred millions to build a railroad at home. Which of these investments is going to make him the happier?

As a matter of fact, there is no comparison. The hundred million dollars will double, perhaps treble, itself in ten years or twenty or thirty years. But then it stops suddenly. The undertaker comes to the door and the multi-millionaire has to go off with him. You see, the hundred million that went to the railroad had only twenty or thirty years in which to work, and you could not reasonably expect more than it has given.

But the million that went to God—that is a very different proposition. It will go on working for eternity. And nobody but God, to Whom he gave it, can compute what it will mean for the multi-millionaire in Heaven. Oh, if he had only given the hundred million to God and the million to the railroad!

A Letter from a Friend of the Missions

No multi-millionaire will ever read these lines; so why bother about him? At any rate, we said that the case was impossible. Let us get down to facts. Multi-millionaires have seven or more

ciphers to their bank accounts. Let us strike out a few of them and make our more modest investment.

The other day I received a letter from a small town three hundred and more miles from Wall street. "Dear Father," it reads, "here's my check for $10.00.....I wish it were $100.00, or $1,000.00, but it will help....."

Bless you, my dear fellow, that $10 of yours is worth more than the hundred million we just spent on that railroad. And some day our multi-millionaire will look terribly foolish when he discovers that all his frenzied finance could not get as much out of a hundred million as you have gotten out of ten.

Interest Unlimited

Let us do a little financing for you,—in Chinese, of course, for that ten dollars of yours is going to China. Ten dollars in gold gives twenty-odd taels and twenty-odd taels give fifty something tiao. Now Father Piggott, of Tsan-Dan-Kow, pays old Francis Teng-Fu, his catechist, fifteen tiao per month—just enough to allow him to give up his sampan ferry and devote all his time to teaching catechism. Your ten dollars, therefore, will tide him over three months with a bit to spare.

And, my dear friend, you are never going to hear the end of those ten dollars that we are sending out to Father Piggott by the next mail. They will not have stopped working, not by a long way, when the undertaker wheels you down the aisle, and the priest in black vestments sprinkles Holy Water over you for the last time..

Proving that sometimes ten is more than a hundred million.

No, not sometimes, but always; for multi-millionaires do not read what we poor fellows write.

Church and School at the Mission of Tsan-Dan-Kow

ALMOST since the beginning of time itself, it seems, there has been one class of persons who have been considered the very embodiment of humor, the source of much laughter, the originators of all comedy, the very soul of jollity and goodfellowship. We can, every one of us, picture just such a person in our mind's eye—standing there in all the glory of his new plaid suit and red tie from which a huge "sparkler" blazes, hat pushed back over one ear, the remains of a half-digested "stogie" clenched between his teeth, while he rocks his ample frame back and forth in perfect time with the words which he is uttering between the bursts of half-hysterical laughter of his audience, for he is telling the latest traveling salesman joke and—yes, you have guessed it, he is a traveling salesman.

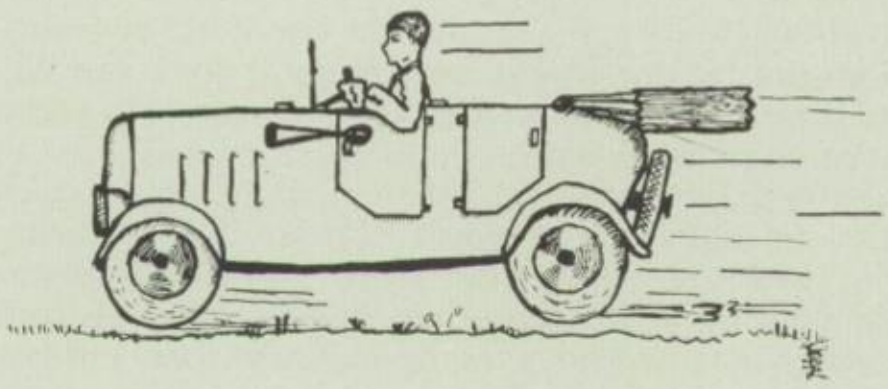
It often happens that in his meanderings this jolly person himself becomes the victim of a joke instead of the joker, but he is always quick to appreciate the situation and to use it as a means of entertainment for his next audience.

It is about just such an incident as this that I am going to tell you. It was a cold, stormy December day in northern Wisconsin, as all December days are in northern Wisconsin, but this was an exceptionally cold and stormy day. The thermometer registered eight below zero and the snow drifts were piled twelve feet high along the main track of the W. R. & W. Railroad. For the last two miles the two powerful moguls were sorely taxed (as huge moguls always are on cold, stormy days in northern Wisconsin) to haul the three coaches bound for Riverport. Finally, at Tupperville, they gave up the struggle and settled down to rest until the plow should arrive the next morning. So what was a poor, stranded, traveling salesman to do but climb down from his comfortable seat in the train and, with a traveling bag under each arm, flounder off into the drifts in search of a night's lodging. After what seemed days of struggling and floundering, the form of the Tupperville Tavern (yes, this was after the eighteenth amendment was passed) loomed out of the storm. With a mighty effort the exhausted man took himself inside and engaged a room. It was about seven o'clock in the evening and, being very tired from his long walk through the drifts, he decided to "hit the hay." He slept on and off (mostly off) until about ten o'clock. By this time he had added the rug, three bath towels, the hall carpet and his own overcoat to the list of bed coverings and still his body temperature was well below the prescribed ninety-eight degrees. Being unable to stand the cold any longer, he jumped out of bed and, wrapping his coat about him ran down stairs into what was in the "good old days" termed the bar, but which was now possessed of the dignified title of lobby. In the lobby was the great stove which was the one and only source of heat in the Tavern. As he stood there shivering and shaking and trying to restore life to his frozen limbs, the door leading from the hall opened and in walked a tall, bearded individual. The collar of his great fur coat was turned up around his frost-bitten ears, his face was blue with cold while

his beard was well caked with ice. Swinging his arms violently, he stamped over to the stove where stood our salesman friend gazing in open-mouthed amazement. (I believe this is the usual manner of showing amazement.) After a moment his amazement changed to wonder and then to question. Finally, having recovered his voice, he exclaimed, "Lord man: what room did you have?"

It was not until the next morning that he learned that the visitor of the previous night was "Doc" Winters, the village doctor, who on his way home from a sick call stopped in to get warm. The joke was on him and ever since he holds it among his best ten short stories.

WALTER CORCORAN.

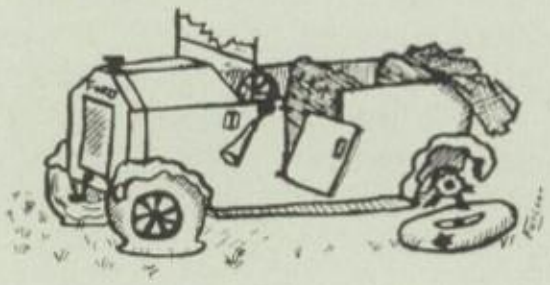


Gaze on me, Elizabeth, as you roll by;
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now soon you will be
If you, too, try to climb a tree.

Since Henry tried to doll you up,
Put new polish on your hub,
Put a brake on every wheel,
Gave your body brand new steel,
Made your windows of plate glass,
Gave you speed others to outclass,
Weighed you down with ponderous wheels,
You think you're a car, not an automobile.

Ah Yes!
You think you're smart and quite the style;
But soon you'll rest in this same pile.

EDWARD BRAYER.



Science

Science has played a very important part in the history of mankind. The world is much better off than it would be without its help.

This is the age of speed. The ocean liner, the automobile and the airplane are witnesses to this fact. Without the discovery of the steam engine where would these same ocean liners be? Without the internal combustion engine used in the automobile how would the automobile move at such speed as seventy or eighty miles an hour? In the building of the airplane science met and conquered many obstacles. First of all it was through science that a heavier-than-air machine ever left the ground. In the second place a very powerful, swift and light engine was necessary. Science surmounted these difficulties by presenting to the world the many different types of airplane motors which are on the market today.

There is less sickness in the world now than there ever was before. Scientists, working in their laboratories, have accomplished a deed worth far more than the amount held in the treasuries of the world. We now have means with which to combat and destroy the germs which killed millions of our forefathers. These germs, too small to be seen, were sought under very powerful microscopes which were devised by other scientists. Biologists, by combating germs with other germs, have completely gained control of certain diseases.

When we look about us in this world we see the effect of science on almost everything. Even the sidewalks are but recent innovations which were contributed by science. Now they are considered a necessity of life. The lighting of our houses is one of the great contributions of science. In fact, we cannot think of very many things which have not been improved by science in one way or anotheer.

G. E. Andrews.

☼ ☼ ☼

Case No. 2445.5

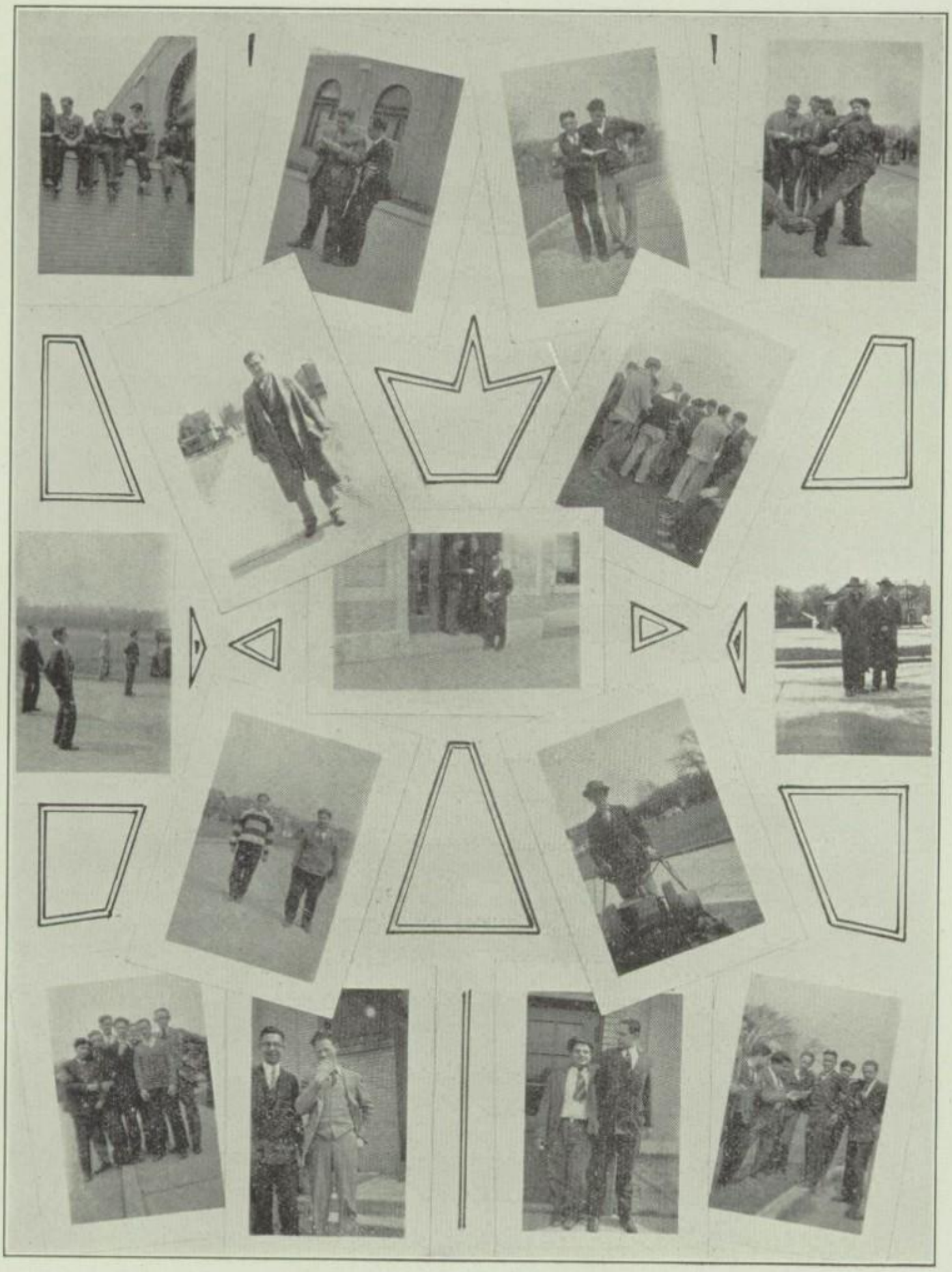
I entered the ward and saw a man muttering to himself. I turned to my guide and elevated my eyebrows. By this ingenius method I conveyed to him that I was puzzled. He put his finger to his lips. We moved closer. The mutterings became more audible:

"Four out of five have it, and I am afraid that I am not a number five. You know that is the insidious thing about it. Your best friend will not inform you." Imagine my embarrassment when the waiter spoke to me in English. "Ames in Iowa made Twenty Thousand in a week. I would walk a mile to meet him. What a difference a few cents make. It's toasted but guard the danger line."

Then he passed out. I withdrew with my guide. He muttered in my ear:

"We get two of them with every new Advertising Campaign."

Emmet N. O'Brien.



David and Goliath

The good book tells us that David met Golaith and killed him with a stone. Such a crude way to dispose of a gentleman! Suppose the stone missed, or Goliath had a head like a sophomore? What a mess it would have been! A sure-kill, I think, would have been to promote a marriage between Goliath and a lady whom, for lack of a suitable name, we will call Mrs. Goliath.

Of course, I am not trying to insinuate that this union would have undone Goliath, but here's what would have happened:

Mrs. Goliath used Gold Medal flour, and one day while in a jealous rage—Golaith did prefer blondes—she ate one of the flour bags. Thus she had the inside story of "Eventually—Why not now?"

That day she went to the Insurance Office and increased Goliath's insurance. Then she went home and induced him to sign the papers. The next day she ordered new windows to be put in her house. There were twelve windows, but she ordered enough sash weights for thirteen windows. Goliath demanded the reason for this extravagance.

"I am going to make money with them," answered the wife.

"Well, don't let it go to your head."

"Not mine, dearie, yours."

That night while Goliath slept——. The next day Mrs. Goliath collected some insurance. The men came to fix the windows, and found enough sash weights for twelve windows.

2,000,000 years ago somebody said—"Cherchez la femme."

EMMET N. O'BRIEN.

☼ ☼ ☼

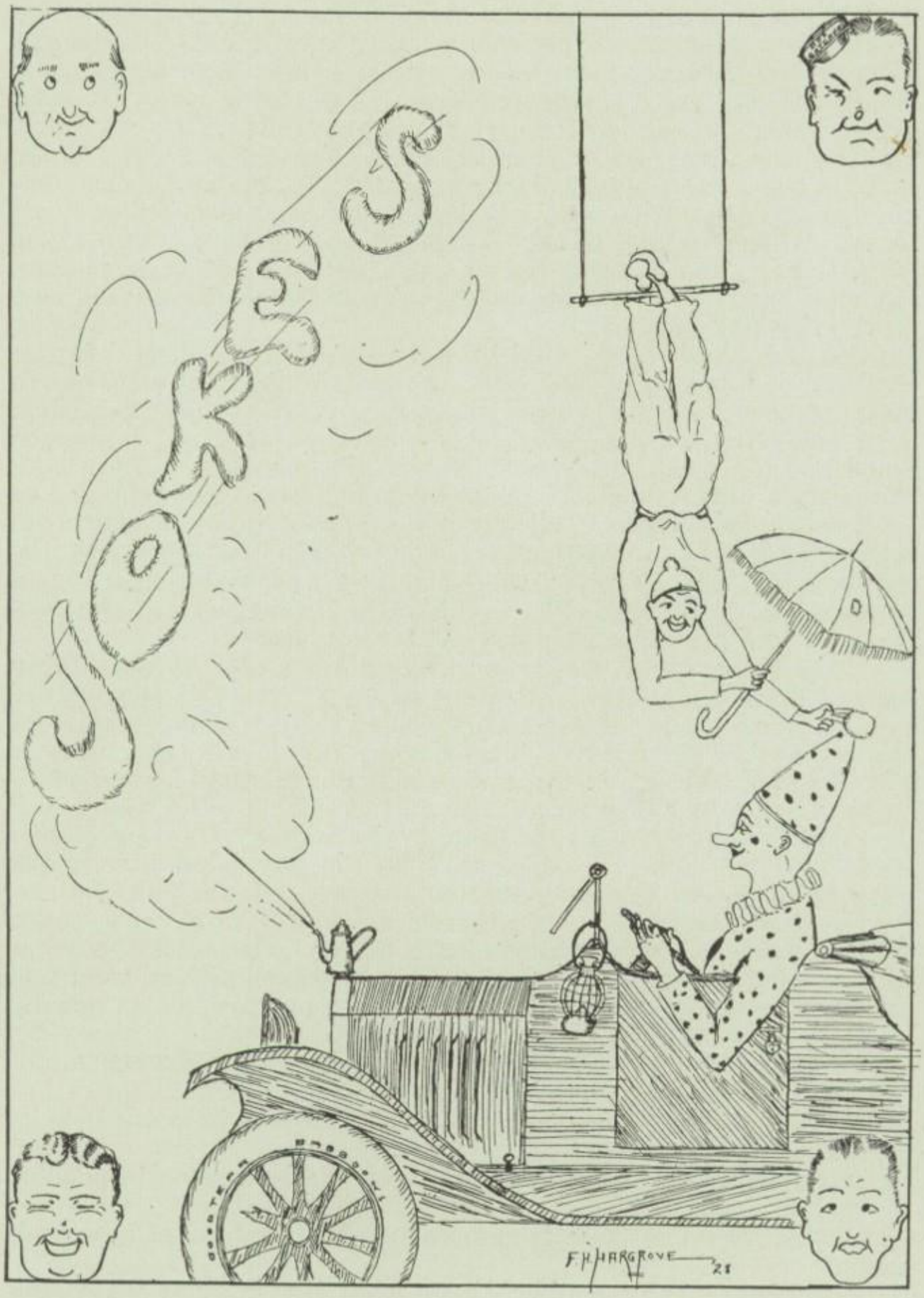
The Most Abused Man in American Literature

Edgar Allen Poe is, in my estimation, the most imaginative genius that America has ever produced. By some critics he is considered the greatest penman of the New World. Those people are usually Europeans. We, the great Americans, the people who are making the World safe for Democracy and ignoring our great men, frown when Poe is mentioned. We refuse to acknowledge that he could be a genius in spite of his habits. We will slander him instead of praising him; mock him instead of quoting him; revile him instead of defending him.

I would attempt to defend him, if I did not think that it would be rank bathos to even write his name with my pen. Think of it! A high school student trying to defend Poe—Poe whose works speak for themselves wherever bigotry and narrow-mindnedness does not stifle justice!

All that I can do is to echo with posterity that Poe is the most abused man in American Literature. That, and laugh at the critics who attempt to criticise *Him*.

EMMET N. O'BRIEN.


SOKES
F.H. HARGROVE 21

Overheard at the Theatre

"Show your tickets, please! Tickets, please! Two aisles to the right. Show your tickets, please. Stairway to the right. Yes, ma'am, to your right. Have your tickets ready, please. Two aisles over. No, not there, that's the center aisle. Yes, to the right. Tickets, please. What's that, sir? Stairway on your left. No, madam, I ain't got the time. Show your tickets, please. At 8:30, sir. Yeah, at 8:30 the curtain rises. Tickets, please. No, ma'am, I can't exchange 'em. You'll have to get 'em at the box office. Other door, please. Tickets ready, please. That's the center aisle. Two aisles over. What's that? Stairway on your left, ma'am. Yes, ma'am. Right at the head of the stairs. You're welcome. Tickets, please. Have your tickets ready."

"Are we late? See, what di' tell yuh? I was hollerin' for an hour tellin' you we'd be late. Oh, no we ain't late after all. They're givin' the curtain a little exercisin'. Hey, Nell. Yoohoo, Nell. Hey, Abe, poke Nell fer me. Ain't this a swell Joint, Nell? I thought you'd like it. Yeah, They're goin' to start in a jiffy. There goes the curtain now. Sophie! Do you get it? I said it's supposed to be a courtroom scene. Tell her it's supposed to be a courtroom scene. I think it's awfully clever, don't you? Gee, there goes the lights. Hey, Soph, are you there? I just wanted to know if you was scared. Ah, there's the lights. Oh, Jimmy, look at the program an' tell me where the first act takes place."

"I'm kinda funny that way. I like to see a play on its opening night. On its premiere, ya might say. Y' see, the players are kinda keyed up, and all the celebrities are there. Yeah, ya miss all the celebrities 'nless ya see it on openin' night. Oh, look, there's Flo Ziegfeld. Yeah, Ya can always tell Flo Ziegfeld 'cause he always wears a black tie an' carries a stick. That's the way to tell 'im. Who's that over there? Yeah, in the middle. Oh, yeah, that's Ned Wayburn. Hay, Sophie, ain't he the guy what directs the show in Rochester that we saw this Summer. Yeah, The Chatterbox Review. Oh, look. Say, there's a fellow I want ya to meet. Will Rogers. Say, if ya want to listen to some wise cracks, ya want to hear him. He's a scream. I knew if we'd look around we'd find some one who does something. It sure does pay to come on openin' night."

WILLIAM STEWART.

☼ ☼ ☼

Fr. Grady—(to graduate) "I hope you will increase in wisdom, knowledge and virtue."

Graduate—(flustrated) "Thank you, Father, same to you."

☼ ☼ ☼

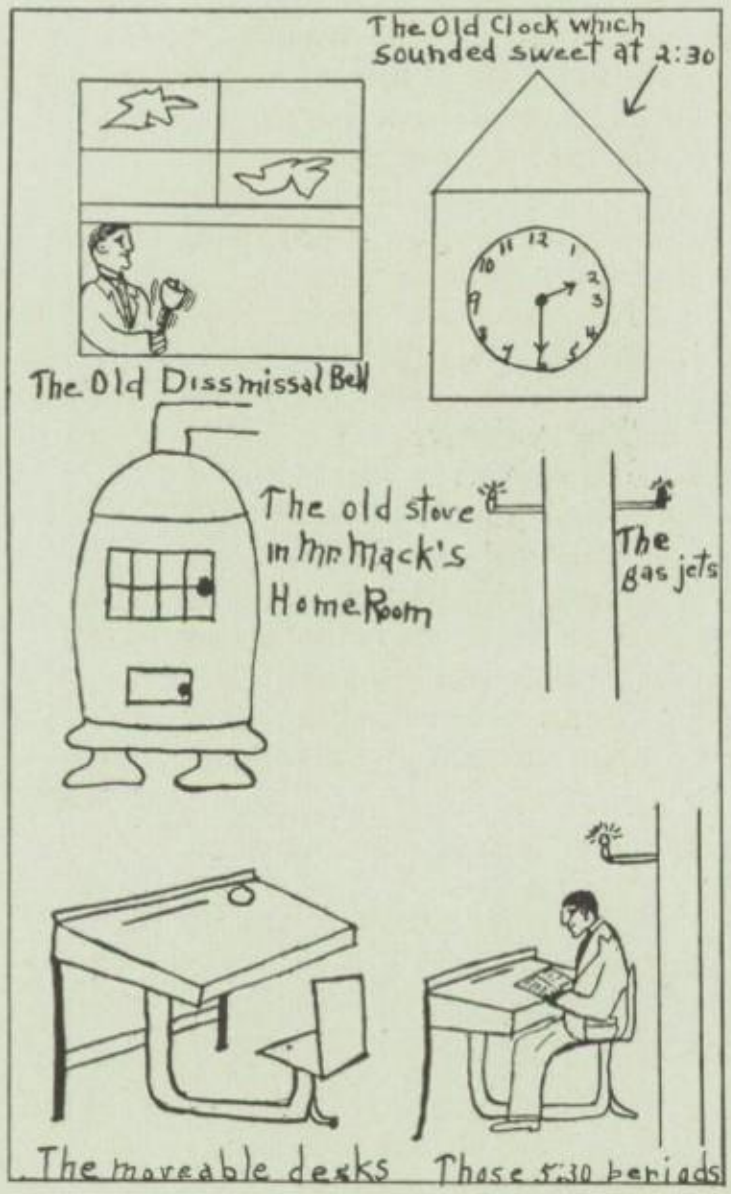
Father Dwyer—"Can anyone tell me the meaning of a "round-robin?"

Meagher—"Why, Father, that's what that burglar was doing last night when they arrested him."

☼ ☼ ☼

Sommers: "The girl I marry must have common sense."

Simms: "She won't have any."



Fr. Brien: "Where is Chile, Fischette?"
Mike: "Father, I think it is in the Arctic Circle."

☼ ☼ ☼

Myering—"Fischette calls his private rooster "Rob."
Doud—"Rob?"
Myering—"Yes, short for Robinson."
Doud—"Why did he call him Robinson?"
Myering—"Because he crew-so."

☼ ☼ ☼

Corcoran—"My wife is hard to please."
"Clair—"She must have changed a lot since she married you."

☼ ☼ ☼

Fr. Grady—"Have you read 'A Great Soul in Conflict'?"
Farrell—"No, Father."
Fr. Grady—"Have you read the Lincoln-Douglas Debates?"
Farrell—"No, Father."
Fr. Grady—"What have you read?"
Farrell—"I have red hair."

Ode to a Toy

Did you ever watch
Three mechanical dogs
Attached to a toy,
Race?
As the axle turns
The dogs go down, then arise,
Then drop again.
No one ever leads.
First the blue flashes to
The fore, then the black, followed by
The yellow.
No one ever leads.
They just rise and fall
And get nowhere.
How like to men they are!
Men rise, move a bit, and fall.
Some men move farther
Than others; these are
Not attached to toys.

EMMET O'BRIEN.

☼ ☼ ☼

Mr. McLaughlin—"What happens when a light falls on water at an angle of 45°?"

Stude.—"It goes out."

☼ ☼ ☼

Fr. Donovan was telling a freshmen class about Jonah and the whale. After finishing he asked one lad,

"How do you suppose Jonah felt?"

"Down in the mouth," Father, was the unexpected reply.

☼ ☼ ☼

Policeman's wife—"Bill, there's a burglar under the bed."

Bill—"Ring for a cop. I'm off duty."

☼ ☼ ☼

Mr. Ryan—"What has been the dominant character of the American Military program during the World War?"

Burns—"Not prepared."

Mr. Ryan—"Correct."

☼ ☼ ☼

Masucci—"Wise men hesitate; none but fools will say they are certain."

She—"Are you sure?"

Masucci—"Perfectly certain."

☼ ☼ ☼

Burns—"Bring me all the food I can get for a dollar."

Mrs. Googerty—"You said a mouthful, Tom."

Rats

Don Marquis recently published a book about a cockroach who, through some mysterious process of transmigration, possessed the spirit of a vers-libre poet. The creature used to type poems on Mr. Marquis' typewriter, and Mr. Marquis published them. This cockroach could not manipulate the shift key, so everything was written in small letters. A similar occurrence took place in Room 318 the other day. One of the students, entering suddenly, saw a large rat using a machine. The rat could control every part of the typewriter, so everything was written in regular type. Here is what he wrote:

"To whom it may concern:"

"Somebody did me a dirty trick when they made me into a rat. I was once an English teacher. Now I am forced, by circumstances beyond my control, to live among boors and oafs. I taught perfect English when I possessed a human frame, but now, I must listen to the most common street language. No matter what you say here, everybody answers you with 'naw'. All that rats seem to do is gnaw. It is positively nauseating.

"Life here is full of foot falls. Just one trap after another. And another thing that bores me! In life I had a most violent dislike for cheese, and here my instinct seems to draw me towards it. Oh! how I hate that yellow stuff! Why one day when I was teaching English, I put a student out of my class, with force, because he muttered 'cheese' when I was showing how the perfect orator should stand and speak.

"I am in deep mourning at present for my former side-kick. He and I were searching for food, and he saw some cheese. I warned him about approaching it, because I did not like the appearance of a large spring in back of the cheese, but he dashed in and grabbed the cheese. Then the spring moved, and my friend passed on. His last words were:

"Spring has come!"

"Poor fellow (R. I. P.)! I feel so sad that I cannot continue."

This is reproduced exactly as found in the machine.

EMMET N. O'BBRIEN.

☼ ☼ ☼

Next year's freshmen will soon forget that they were this year's seniors.

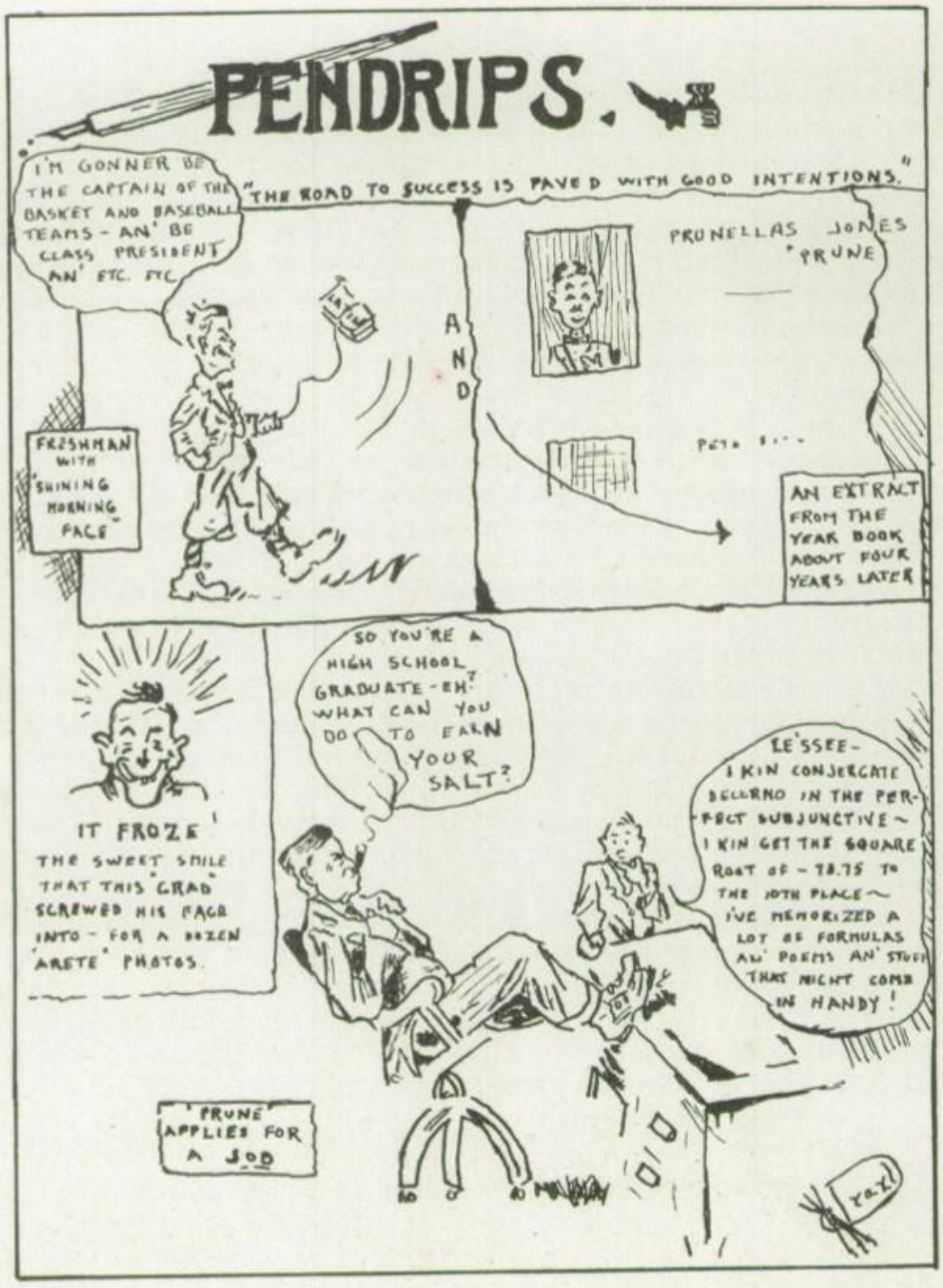
☼ ☼ ☼

The guy I like
Is called Jack Nife,
He studies and learns
His Lit and Life.

☼ ☼ ☼

Lecturer—"Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster."

Farmer—"Lands sakes, Maria, let's get out of here. He's a-gonna start on the dictionary."



☼ ☼ ☼

Soph—"What sa trouble?"
Frosh—"I'm going to see my English prof."
Former—"Why?"
Latter—"He marked my comp.: "Your relatives are poor, and your antecedents are bad."

☼ ☼ ☼

A Headless man had a letter to write;
It was read by one who had lost his sight;
The dumb repeated it, word for word;
And he was deaf who listened and heard.

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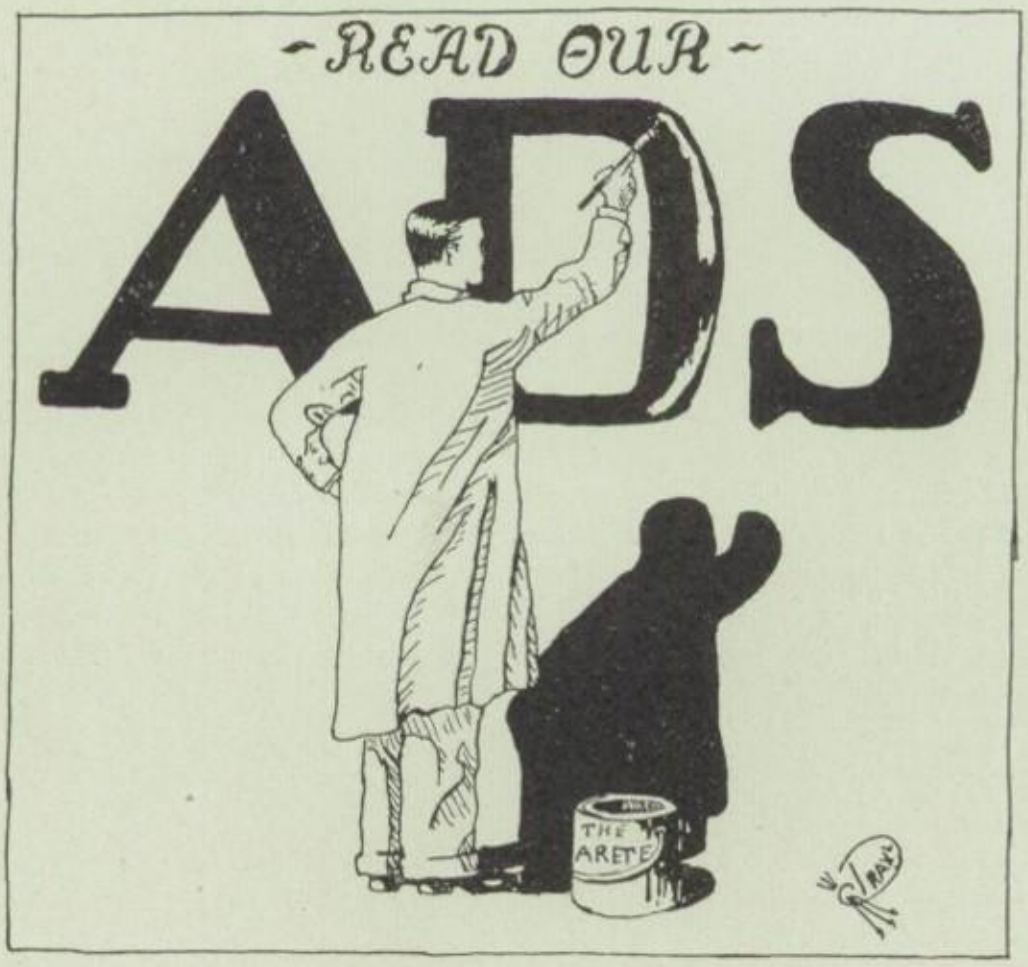
You can't strike a basket-ball match.
You can't get to college on a victrola record.
You can't eat an honor roll.
You can't invite Mary to the basket-ball.
You can't wear the Aquinas band.
You can't wear the ring from the Aquinas bell.
You can't shoot the Aquinas pool.
You can't butter the leading role.
You can't live on street car fare.
You can't be introduced to gym.
You can't be invited to golf tee.
You can't give a girl a base-ball diamond.
You can't rent a pole vault.
You can't measure one's understanding from the size of his shoes.
You can't raise your standing, sitting.
You can't encore with a thunder clap.

✡ ✡ ✡

Our Don't Club

Your ears don't ring at the monthly report.
You don't eat track meet.
You don't write on an electric pad.
You don't write with a pig pen.
You don't pay a dentist for a fire drill.
You don't call a Father, daddy.

LOUIS DOWD.



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For catalog or bulletins describing the different courses or further information, call or write the Registrar, Rochester Business Institute.

What Others Are Saying:

A careful reading of the following excerpt from an Editorial in the British Electrical Review tells forcefully how a British Trades Union delegation accounts for the high standards of living that prevail in America:

"Whether it be a question of electricity supply, coal mines, or telephone service, the people who think, and are not, as the Americans say, 'dead from the neck up,' are unanimously concerned today in settling once and for all the vexed question of industrial ownership.

"The absence of clear thinking on this subject is largely the cause of high taxation and low wages, resulting in strikes, unrest and positive misery in some cases.

"The high standard of living of all classes in the United States is evident to the most casual observer, and the recent delegation of British Trade Unions saw that the reason lay largely in the extensive use of machinery and labor-saving devices and the initiative displayed in American business organization.

"The rapid advance of the light and power industry in the United States is the envy of every foreign country, and the benefit of such a development is found in the solution of labor problems. If human beings are made the controllers of power instead of the generators, their earning power is so much increased as to make it possible to pay them not only a living wage, but a cultural wage.

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"THE TALE OF A CRAZY MAN"

He spread some jam on a slice of fish,
  He stirred his bread with a spoon;
He ate a roast-pork with a long, hay fork,
  And nibbled on the wing of a prune.
He carved his coffee with a razor blade,
  And said that the eggs had a past,
He mashed the waiters and tipped the potatoes,
  For serving his meal so fast.

☼ ☼ ☼

Most of us worry about the cost of living and forget how much it is worth.

☼ ☼ ☼

Hi—"Say Ed, why were you late again yesterday?"
Ed—"Well, I'll tell you. We've got nine in the family and the alarm was set for eight."

☼ ☼ ☼

The latest Scotch song hit, "Let the Rest of the World Go Buy."

☼ ☼ ☼

A Scotchman wanted to build a new home for himself so he called up the Masonic Temple and asked them to send him a Free Mason.

☼ ☼ ☼

For all who have insomnia
  Here is an unfailing cure.
Come to our American History class,
  You'll go to sleep for sure.

☼ ☼ ☼

A Scotchman recently offered $500 to anyone who would swim the Atlantic Ocean but hastily made it clear that the swim must be under water.

☼ ☼ ☼

They met once on a moonlight night,
  But never after that,
For he was just a worn-out shoe,
  And she a yodeling cat.

☼ ☼ ☼

Hart—"Did you hear about the awful accident in the chemistry lab."
Burns—"No, what was it?"
Hart—"Rock exploded Father Kohl's pet theory."

☼ ☼ ☼

Weiss—"I can truthfully say that I am single from choice."
Andrews—"Whose choice?"

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MAIN 441

'Tis Spring

When winter snows and gales are gone,
And brightly smiles the sun at dawn,
When sweet the flowers and green the lawn,
'Tis spring.

When father briskly beats the rugs,
When full the meadows are of bugs,
When granpap's cold requires some drugs,
'Tis spring.

When youthful Waltons tempt the trout,
'Mid gnats and skeeters buzzin' about,
When long-planned picnics are rained out,
'Tis spring.

When wardrobes new do wreck the purse,
When all our poets teem with verse,
Then I can think of nothing worse
Than spring.

WALTER CORCORAN.

☼ ☼ ☼

Heberger—"What do we play next, Mr. Director?"
Director—"Sousa's 'Grand March'."
Heberger—"Gosh, I just played that."

☼ ☼ ☼

McMillen—(trying to be entertaining) "Shall I sing Tosti's 'Good-by'?"

Young thing—"I don't care whose you use. But don't sing it. Just say it."

☼ ☼ ☼

Fr. Mallon—(In biology class) "Can any one tell me what a ground hog is?"

Freshman—"It's a sausage, Father."

☼ ☼ ☼

TWO OTHER FELLOWS

"As I was walking down the hall the other day," said Straub, "I met Don Meyering."

"Hello Meyering," I said, "How are you."

"Pretty well, David," He said.

"My name is not David," I said.

"And mine not Meyering," he said.

And we looked at each other and sure enough it was neither of us.

☼ ☼ ☼

"If you aren't careful you will get me sore," said Bob Metzger to his horse as he started out for his morning canter.

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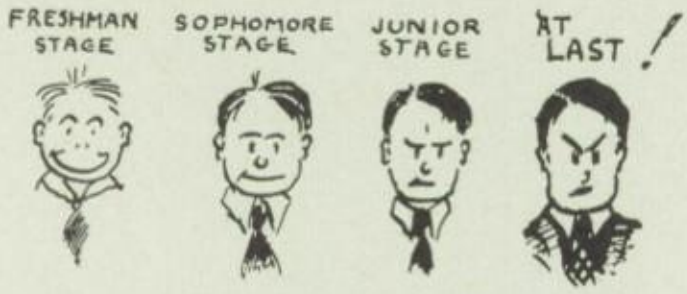

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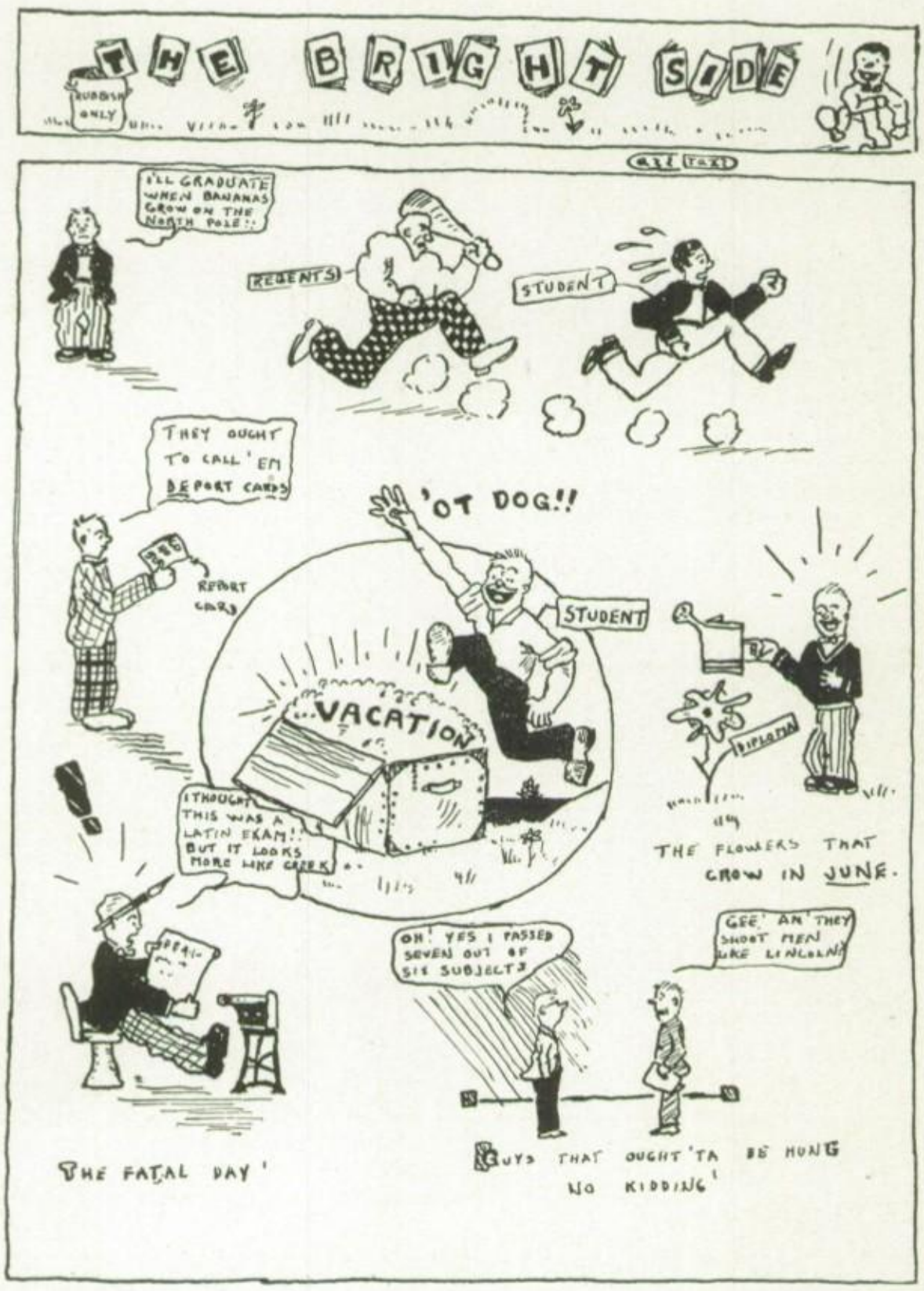
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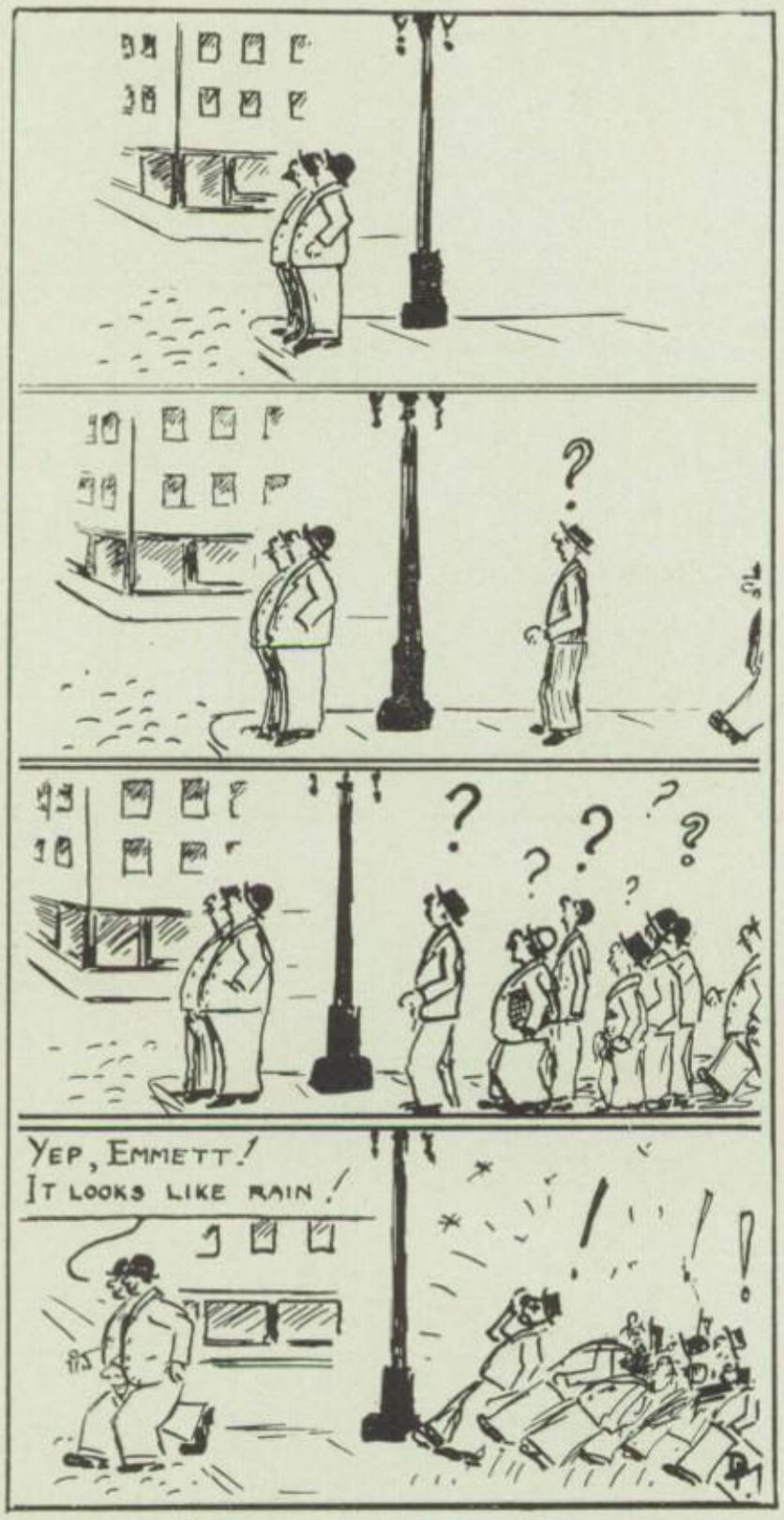

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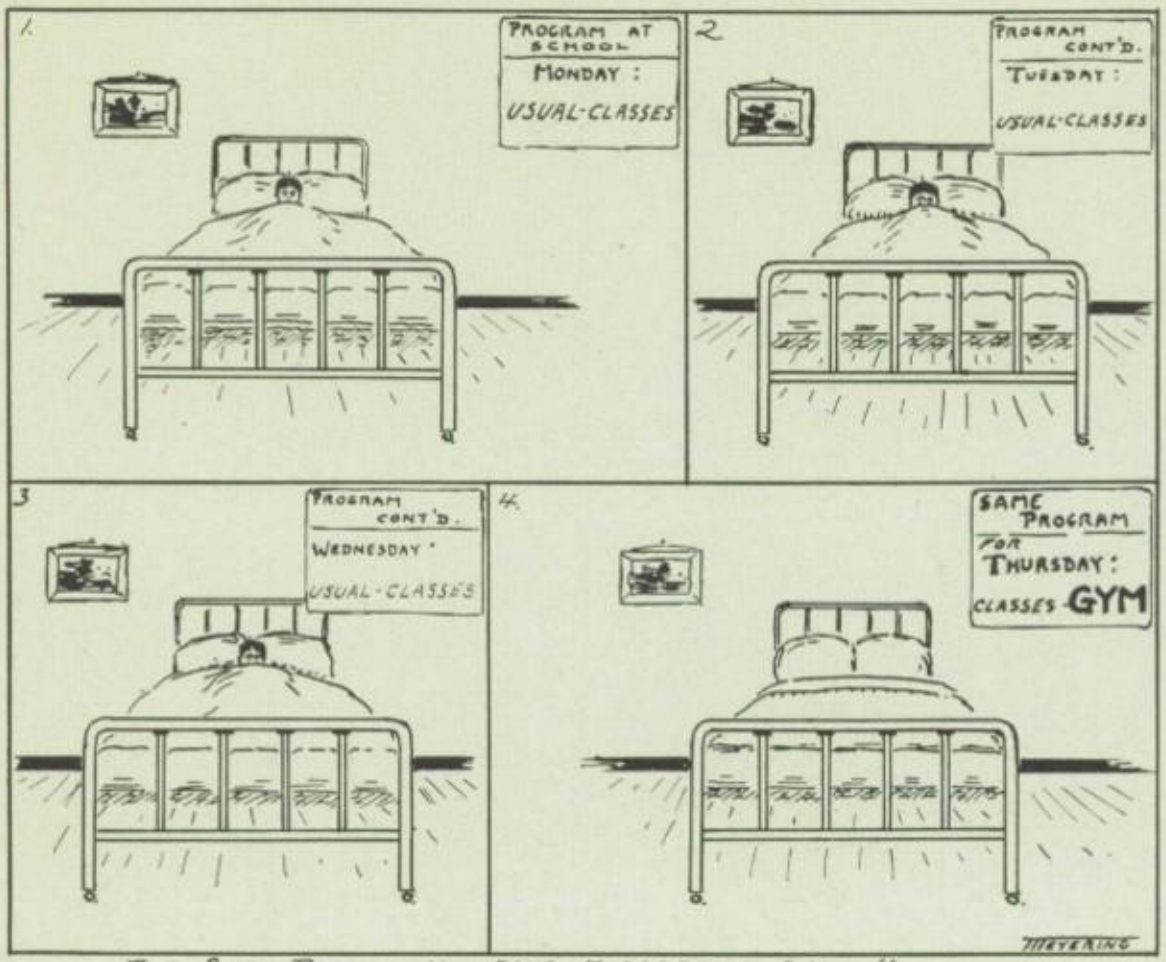

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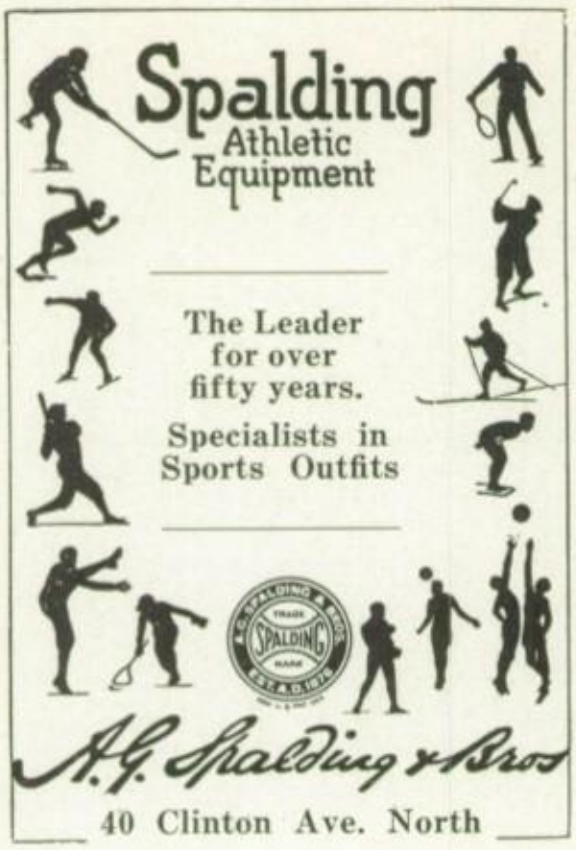
Mr. Dolan—"Why, no."

Eberhard—"Then I just swallowed a caterpillar."



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Index to Advertisers

A

Art Print Shop, Inc., The 156

B

Baker Art Glass 150
Barnard, Porter & Remington ..150
Barr & Creelman Co. 134
Bartholomay Co. 155
Bastian Bros. Co. 138
Blanchard 154
Boucher, Geo. T. 129
Bourne, John R. 143
Brown Bros. Co. 128

C

Chocolate Shop 145
Cleary, J. J. 136
Cole Pharmacy, The 151
Cornwall Clothes Shop 155
Costich & Sons, Inc., B. G. 140
Cramer Drug Stores 139
Crescent-Puritan Laundry 143
Culhane Bros. 143

D

Darrow School of Business 133
Davis Drug Co. 151
Deichmiller & Selleck Drug Co. 143
DeVisser Bros. 146
Dewey Ave. Markets 150
Dunbar, Adam W. 155

E

Eclipse Ice Cream Parlor 151
Edelman Coal Co. 124
Ehmann Market 146
Empire Sprinkler Co. 141
Ernst, J. P. 155
Ernst & Sons, Louis 135
Eyer, Chas. L. 148

F

Fahy Market 154
Farrell, Geo. J. 149
Fee Bros. 151
Flanigan Furniture Co. 141
Flickinger's 130
Florack, Schnorr & Englert, Inc. 149
Flynn, Joseph P. 144
Fromm Bros. 130
Furlong-White Studio 138

G

Garnham, J. H. 148
George, Michael 143
Gerling, Clarence 130
Glenwood, Cleaners & Dyers 151
Gorsline & Swan Const. Co. ..136
Gottry Carting Co., Sam 136

H

Hanna Lumber Co. 146
Hart Monument Co., Frank J. ..132
Hart & Vick 152
Howe & Bassett Co. 136
Huber Electric Co., Inc., T. R. .133
Huetter & Son, H. T. 146
Hunt Co., I. S. 149

J

Jenkins & Macy Co. 135

K

Kenny, Gerald C. 151
Klee Press, The 152
Klier Pharmacy, George A. 135
Kodak Market 143
Kohler, A. L. 150
Kolb's Toggery Shoppe 148
Kunzer-Ellinwood, Inc. 139

L

LaMay Drug Co. 150
Lazerson, Sam 152
Lechleitner's 148
Leinen, Edward J. 151
Lewis Clothes Shop 144
Lotz & Rathke 141
Luther & Sons Co., John 141

M

Marrion & Co., T. H. 129
Martin, Clyde 154
Matthews, Sidney 150
McAnarney, Frank J. 133
McGee & Son, John H. 139
Mechanics Institute 124
Meyer, A. M. 151
Meyer, Foote & Dayton Co. ...134
Miller Drug & Electric Co. ...155
Miller's Son, N. J. 152
Milton Sweet Shoppe 149
Monroe Market 148
Mores, Betty 149
Murray, James T. 143

N

Neiman & Sons, Abe 136
New York Life Insurance Co. . 144
Niagara University 127

O

Oberlies, W. A. 134
O'Brien & Ritz Market Co. 155
Ontario Biscuit Co. 128
O'Reilly's Sons, Bernard 146

P

Pembroke & Black 138
Phelan's 154
Predmore, Wm. F. 143
Pritchard, A. A. 140

R

Rendsland, J. J. 134
Ritzenthaler Bros. 145
Rochester Book Bindery 154
Rochester Business Institute ..122
Rochester Gas & Electric Corp. 123
Rochester Journal & Post Ex. 156
Rochester Novelty Works 135
Rooney's 146

S

Scanlon Tire Co., Inc. 154
Schaefer Bros. 148
Schaefer & Hartel 152
Schantz Co., Joseph A. 139
Schmanke's Boot Shop 146
Schulz Bros. 148
Schwartz, Seraphin 145
Scrantom's 126
Sommers, Louis J. 146
Spalding Bros., & Co., A. C. .154
Steefel-Connor Co. 149
Steinwachs, W. F. 145

T

Thurston Market & Grocery ...145
Traenkle, Arthur S. 152
Trant's Catholic Supply Store. 150
Trott Bros. Co. 140
Tucker, A. J. 150
Twentieth Ward Co-op. Savings and Loan Ass'n 127

U

University of Dayton 129

W

Wallace, H. B. 148
Ward, Cleaner and Dyer 129
Weltzer, A. J. 129
White Wire Works Co., The ..130
Whitmore, Rauber & Vicinus ..144
Wilson, Walter H. 145
Wray & Son, Henry 152

Y

Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co. 132
Young's Fish Market 128

Z

Zahrndt & Son, Wm. 133

Autographs

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